

# Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 13, 1961

25 CENTS



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Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" inserts appear only in the copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that go to our friends in the advertising business

February 13, 1961

## MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

I'm sure that the name of Arno H. Johnson, Vice-President and Senior Economist at J. Walter Thompson Co., is well-known to you, either personally or by reputation.

It has always seemed to me that of all the predictions made at critical times during our economy, Arno's is generally a) the most optimistic, and b) the most correct.

He was extraordinarily prescient in his forecast of the U.S. economic scene for the years following World War II, for example. Even in 1943, when a great many businessmen looked at a coming transition from war to peace with some uneasiness, Arno Johnson boldly and unerringly foresaw the most fabulous business boom in the history of our country.

Mr. Johnson has been so right so often on the major trends in the U.S. economy that to him it must get rather boring. To me, however, it is just the opposite, and I was not only pleased, but fortunate, to have one of his most recent auguries brought to my attention.

It is entitled "Selling to Tomorrow's Consumer," and was an analysis prepared for the National Industrial Conference Board's 1960 course in "Economics for Executives."

Here are the seven most significant trends (and opportunities) in our economic growth affecting population and purchasing power which Arno Johnson predicts will have an important impact on markets for goods and services over the next decade:

- "1. Movement upward in income groups and purchasing power, as U.S. productive ability expands to its \$800,000,000,000 potential by 1971." Johnson forecasts an average household income of over \$10,000 by 1971—and he says that his estimated G.N.P. of \$800 billion is actually a conservative figure. But it will mean a rise in our living standards of \$181 billion, compared to the \$175 billion these standards rose in the 30 years from 1929 to 1959. Discretionary spending power by 1971 could rise as much as 60% of total disposable income after taxes—an enormous and tempting challenge to marketers.
- "2. Movement upward in education—with an upgrading of earning power and social concepts and goals," Johnson adds that today

\*

(continued on other side)

we have quite a different population in terms of education than we had prewar and that this change can have a significant influence on living and reading habits and on "social mobility." It can offer favorable opportunities for expansion of consumption of items that fit into an upgraded standard of living in terms of quality, convenience, variety, and cultural tastes.

- "3. **Trend to family life—home-oriented.**" The author cites numerous examples of this trend: earlier marriages, larger families, resurgence of church membership, far higher expenditures for owner-occupied housing, etc. He remarks that "leisure time available for home and travel and recreation activities has more than doubled in the last 13 years. Total weeks of vacation of workers jumped from 34.4 million in 1946 to 77.7 million weeks in 1959."
- "4. **A continued growth in population to 220 million by 1971 and a change in the age distribution, with a rapidly growing segment of adolescents and young adults.**" This increase in numbers of young adults particularly will result in a rapid growth in new families, and all the requirements of housing, furnishings, equipment, insurance, etc., that goes with it.
- "5. **An increase in the number of families with two or more children.**" Obviously another vital influence in a home-oriented economy, with all the extra buying that entails.
- "6. **Movement of population to suburbs**"—resulting in increased pressure for new homes and better housing. Johnson notes that more than 50% of all the dwellings in the U.S.—29 million—are more than 30 years old, hence built for very different families than those of today, let alone those of 10 years from now. This is evidenced in the suburban shift which in practically every U.S. metropolitan area has left the central city with 5% to 10% less population, 1950 to 1960, while its suburbs rose 50% and more.
- "7. **Rapid change in composition of the labor force**"—as productivity per man increases, resulting in fewer manual and unskilled workers and far more professional, technical, sales and service workers. And as a corollary, as these millions move up in education, income, and type of occupation, there will be the natural urge to emulate the habits and living customs of the groups into which they move, and buy products and services associated with the new upgraded standards of living.

This is only the barest outline of the first part of Arno Johnson's study. Later on, it contains a series of such trenchant observations on the fundamental concepts of marketing in this expanding era ahead that I hope every advertiser gets a chance to read it, and if you write to me I will see that you get a copy.

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 14, Number 4

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## Next week

What a French artist found for nutritionally illustrated children's books sees in the rough-and-tumble of professional hockey provides a vivid and colorful treat for everybody.

Emily Hahn, witty analyst of so many of humanity's fits and follies, examines the peculiarity of many Englishmen—they seem to love animals more than they do people.

Bill Casper, one of the finest putters in golf, reveals the secrets of the delicate art which can account for as much as half the difference between a good and an ordinary game.









## POINT OF FACT

A professional hockey quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

7 A. When is a penalty shot awarded?

B. How is it executed?

• A. Three infractions call for penalty shots: 1) when any defending player, including the goalie, deliberately throws his stick at the puck in his defensive zone; 2) when an attacking player in complete control of the puck is tripped or fouled from behind; 3) when any defending player (other than the goalie) falls on or holds the puck inside his goal crease. B. Only one player shoots, starting at the blue line. The goalie is the sole defender, and the puck is dead once beyond the goal line.

7 A wingman bats the puck in mid-air with his stick chest-high. Is a penalty called?

• No. Any player may bat the puck in mid-air anywhere on the ice, but his stick must not be above the shoulder line. He may also bat the puck with his glove but cannot hold it or deliberately direct it to a teammate.

7 Are amateur players allowed in the NHL?

• Yes. They may play in five NHL games per season without losing their amateur status. Amateur "emergency" goalies may play in more than five games.

continued

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#### POINT OF FACT *from the rink*

**?** A player's stick breaks, and a new one is thrown onto the ice from his bench. What happens?

• A player must go to his bench to receive a new stick. In this case he receives minor and misconduct penalties and must leave the ice for 12 minutes. (A substitute may replace him on the ice after the two-minute minor penalty has been served.)

**?** A goalie falls on a loose puck a) out of the crease in front of the net; b) behind his goal line. Is he penalized?

• a) No; this is legal defense. b) Yes. A goalie may not smother the puck behind his goal line, so a minor penalty is imposed on the goalie and is served by another player.

**?** A player's stick and one skate are over the blue line. Is he off-side?

• No. A player is off-side only when both skates are completely over the blue line and the puck has not crossed the outer edge of the line.

**?** When can a player legally cross the blue line ahead of the puck?

• Only when he is actually propelling and in full control of the puck; i.e., if he controls it with his stick even though it may be behind his skates.

**?** Team A attempts to clear the puck from its defensive zone. The puck hits the referee and is picked up by a member of Team B who scores. Does the goal count?

• Yes. Play is never stopped when the puck touches the referee.

**?** How many penalized players on one team can be off the ice at one time?

• Two. If a third player receives a penalty, he must serve his time but may be immediately replaced on the ice by a substitute.

**?** What happens when a player on the ice sustains damage to his equipment?

• Nothing. Play is never stopped for equipment adjustment except in the case of a goalie. Other players must leave the ice and are replaced by a substitute while play continues.

—DUNCAN BARNES

*Relax your way to Europe on the  
s.s. United States with a gala  
"Who's Who" of transatlantic travel*



Colonel & Mrs. Leon Mandel of Chicago dine during their 5th crossing in the last 18 months. Mrs. Mandel is women's world skisport champion. He is the well-known department store executive, uses U. S. Lines for shipping, too. (U. S. Lines serves major world ports with a fleet of 53 fast freighters.)



Mr. & Mrs. Russell V. Downing, New York (he is President of Radio City Music Hall) stop for luncheon. They choose the s.s. United States because they "have such a wonderful time." There's a movie theatre aboard, a pool and gym, and 3 Meyer Davis orchestras.

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# SCORECARD

## BOMBHELL

A great deal of confused nonsense has come out of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association meetings in New Orleans, all of it reflecting the frantic concern of that group with preserving the fiction of amateur tennis. President George Barnes released a plan, described as a "bombshell," which advocates something called "quasi-open" tournaments in which amateurs and pros would play side by side but not quite together. On examination, the bombshell turns out to be a mess of shredded white flannel from a Newport memory chest with a pair of old sneaker laces as a fuse. We agree with Barnes only when he says, "It may not be perfect, but it's a thought."

Here's another thought: the players want open tennis; the public wants open tennis; everyone wants open tennis but the USLTA. Get out of the way, gentlemen.

## JETS? METS? REBELS?

Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, the principal stockholder of the New York baseball club that will join the National League in 1962, is looking for a name for her team. She has been flooded with nominations from local fans, and the other day she invited some sportswriters to make a few apt selections. Their choices were: Continentals, Skyliners, Burros, Skyserpers, Rebels, Bees, NYBs, Mets, Jets and Avengers.

We don't believe any of these will finally be chosen. For one thing, Mrs. Payson is herself something of an expert in this area. She and her brother, John Hay Whitney, are responsible for many of the delightfully imaginative names of the Thoroughbreds in their Greentree Stable. There was a colt by Equipoise out of Goose Egg that Mrs. Payson named Shut Out. Shut Out's colt out of Big Event she named Hall of Fame. At the moment, Mrs. Payson is partial to the name Meadow Larks for her team, since it will eventually play its home games

in a new stadium located in New York's Flushing Meadows.

Our unsolicited suggestion is the honored (in New York) name of Giants. The Giants now in San Francisco should by all rights be called Seals—which would please most San Franciscans mightily, if not Owner Horace Stoneham. Perhaps Mrs. Payson can arrange to trade one of Greentree's promising 2-year-olds for the rights to "Giants."

In any event we hope her inclinations toward aptness do not lead her to pick the name Moles, which was suggested for the team by one New Yorker "because they'll be near the bottom anyway."

## EARLY FOOT

The first edition of his Future Book on the Kentucky Derby will not be out until March, but Gallente Price-maker Tony Alessio privately offers this appraisal of eligible 3-year-olds: Garry Back 5 to 1; Beau Prince 6 to 1; Captain Fair 8 to 1; Crozier 10 to 1; Gay Landing 15 to 1; Vapor Whirl 15 to 1; Garwol 15 to 1; Gundakamal, Ambiopeise, Ronnie's Ace, Olden Times, Bowl of Flowers, all 20 to 1; Oak Dandy, On his Metal 30 to 1.

## QUEEN

Miss Wilma Rudolph, a tall, slender, cool as a hot runner who is, without any question, the best female athlete in the world, tied her own pending American record in the somewhat esoteric indoor 60-yard dash at Madison Square Garden the other night. Most of the 15,000-odd people who munched through a small-scale blizzard to the Garden did so in order to watch her. When it was all over, Miss Rudolph had a few—very few—words to say.

About indoor running: "I don't like it. Too many people, I don't like it."

About life in general since she has become the acknowledged queen of the women's athletic world: "I get lots of letters. Most of them from Ger-

many. I don't answer most of them."

About the future: "I'd like to get married and have two girls. I don't want to run indoors much."

Said her coach, Ed Temple, to an insistent reporter: "We been winning a long time. We won in Russia two years ago. You were there. You didn't say anything about it."

## THE VERY BLUE PLATE SPECIAL

This is the season of the sports-award dinner, a time that tries the sturdiest digestion. Whenever we attend one of these feasts, we are appalled at what passes for food intended for athletes and other gentlemen. There is the pastel fruit cup apparently concocted of shiny celluloid, a tepid, over-bottled distillation masquerading as soup, a mouse-colored sliver of cholesterol called beef and



sicklied o'er with viscid gravy composed of equal parts of paraffin and Vaseline. Embellishing the main course are two or three balls of alleged potatoes encrusted in petrified brown grease, and something green which tastes like soaked blotting paper and may well be. Finally comes the frosty liquid that once was ice cream, the equally chilly liquid misnamed coffee and a stale cigar obviously woven of raffia.

Since this kind of banquet menu is clearly well established and to abolish it might be considered un-American, wouldn't it be possible to present sports awards between meals?

## THE INSIDE TRACK

• Joe DiMaggio may soon be back in baseball. Friends say he is weighing offers from several teams, but if he does return, whatever the job, it will be with the Yankees.

• Midwestern track men think Tom Sullivan, a senior at St. George High School in Evanston, Ill., will soon be a four-minute miler. Last year Sullivan did 4:11.5, fastest time ever posted by a high school junior. This year his coach is training him for a 4:05 effort, concedes he may go lower.

• Australia's Lawn Tennis Association, which shudders at the thought of professionals playing with amateurs, still runs the game to make money. The city of Adelaide, whose turn it was to stage the 1961 Davis Cup Challenge Round, was bypassed for Melbourne. Thereason: Melbourne stadium's greater seating capacity will allow a \$137,000 profit—almost three times Adelaide's potential.

• There will be fewer home runs but more fireworks in Kansas City's Municipal Stadium this season. General Manager Frank Lane wants to move the left-field fence back 30 feet (visiting teams hit 43 left-field homers last year, the Athletics 32). Owner Charles Finley, an admirer of Bill Veack, plans to convert the scoreboard into a king-size fireworks display.

• Houston's National League baseball club believes the roof to its new enclosed stadium will eliminate the rain-outs that require the scheduling of double-headers, give the club about five playing dates above average and an extra \$300,000 in revenue.

• The San Francisco 49ers, who need ground-gaining strength, may soon be swapping with the Los Angeles Rams, who are loaded with offensive backs. Likeliest 49er to go in the exchange: Quarterback Y. A. Tittle.

#### COME TO FLORIDA

Florida is worried about a recession in tourism, and the new governor, C. Farris Bryant, is planning countermeasures. One of the state's major attractions is legal gambling at its horse and dog tracks and jai alai freontons, and a number of Floridians would like to spread this sanction to other areas. Miami Beach's Harry Levy, director of the Florida League for the Extension of Legalized Gambling, puts their case: "When we advertise in northern newspapers, we get tourists down here for a day. Then they go to one of the Caribbean countries so they can gamble." The league wants casino gambling and state lotteries.

Thus far, Governor Bryant has resisted such notions. He is presently

concentrating on schemes to insure Florida's pre-eminence as spring training home for baseball clubs, against the lobbying of California and Arizona. This year 13 major league teams will train in Florida, and they will attract many tourists.

Floridians have the privilege of turning their night clubs into gambling casinos. They have also exercised the privilege of telling baseball teams that Negro players must be segregated during the months of spring training. Legalizing roulette might draw new tourists—but allowing baseball teams to house all players under the same roof might prevent an exodus to the west.

#### RINGSIDE

It was reasonable to expect, in this expense-account society, that the promoters of next month's Patterson-Johansson fight would block off all of 7,000 seats in the Miami Beach Convention Hall and sell them as "ringside" for \$100 apiece. But boxing is ready to push on to newer and costlier frontiers.

The Silver State Sports Club, which is promoting the March 4 middleweight title fight between Sugar Ray Robinson and Gene Fullmer in Las Vegas, has put a price tag of \$1,000 on 16 special ringside seats. There are advantages to watching the fight from these locations, but proximity to Ray and Gene is only incidental.

All 16 seats will face the television cameras, so that occupants may impress their friends throughout the evening. The seats will be leather lounge chairs, resting on a red carpet and set aside from all others by "plush" ropes. Free drinks will be served during the fight by suitably photogenic young ladies. Silver State says four of the seats have already been sold and that "people like Frank Sinatra" will buy the rest.

#### THE BARON

Adolph Rupp, onetime absolute monarch of Southeastern Conference basketball, charges that some of the insurgents now knocking his Kentucky team around are doing so by playing soft outside opponents and concentrating on the league schedule. In addition, some SEC schools are hiding behind segregation to keep from playing worthy opponents.

"Hell," he fumed last week, "we  
continued

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**DORIS SIGMUND**, blonde, likely a coach or player mentioned in the text.



**W. B. AUSTIN** of Charlotte, N.C., 61-year-old retired fireman who continues to officiate at basketball and football games, explains he has found a way to ignore most irascible coaches, says, "My eyesight is good, but my hearing is steadily failing."



**NICOLE MURRAY** of Los Angeles, 31-year-old Montreal woman who won the 100-yard dash in 15 seconds, the 200-yard run and the one-mile forced march in the International Snowshoes Congress at Lewiston, Me., swept all three women's events.



**BOB HOLBERT** of Warrenton, Pa., a racing driver of eight years' experience who drove his tiny (1,350 pounds) but potent (165 hp) Porsche 930 to Sports Car Club of America's E-Modified class title, was named Sports Illustrated Sports Car Driver of the Year.



**MRS. JOHN MORRISSEY** skipped the Chicago Heathers as the four-woman team defeated Nathan (N.H.) Curling Club, 14-10, in St. Andrew's Golf Club curling tournament at Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., won the women's seventh annual Empire State banquet.



**HAROLD MULLARK**, lean, leathery, 67-year-old, Vi railroad worker, who won the 25-mile course in combined time of 1:37:45, two minutes better than nearest finisher.

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**SCORECARD** *continued*

could do well in the conference if we warmed up against a bunch of teachers' colleges. We can't go around playing a bunch of patsies like Mississippi State does.

"Those silly people down at Tulane think they are fooling somebody. They sit down there and say they can't play against teams with Negroes. Well, practically the whole Tulane team is from Indiana or some Yankee state, and those boys are used to playing against Negroes. They say they won't let 'em schedule games against Negroes in Louisiana. What's keeping them from playing Negroes away from home?"

Asked to predict the conference champion after his Wildcats had lost their fourth league game to Georgia Tech, Rupp snapped: "The team with the most victories."

**AUTOMATION**

A sin of the times may be the excessive introduction of rules. A number of sports are, so to speak, over-ruled. Two of the finest games in the world are hurling and Gaelic football, kept alive in Ireland by the patriotic Gaelic Athletic Association (SI, Oct. 10). Fettered by few rules, these games are an invariable pleasure to watch and an obvious joy to play.

What reminds us of these sports is the news from St. Louis that Cardinal Outfielder Charley James, an engineering student, has designed an electronic umpire. Luckily it is still on paper, and that's where we hope it will remain, an interesting theoretical exercise and no more. James admits that in developing his idea, "the ultimate goal is not to eliminate one of the colorful subjects of the game, but rather to improve on his judgment in calling pitches." But baseball is already a sufficiently disciplined game. Who wants less to yell and argue about, less color and less of the humanities?

It ill befits any heir to the old Gas-house Gang even to make such a suggestion.

**SHOE COUP**

In several recent races in Australia, horses have been allowed to wear plastic shoes. These weigh only a half ounce each compared to the two and one-half ounces of aluminum and the five ounces per hoof of steel plates

used in this country. The horses ran faster than usual, thereby injecting another factor into the complex calculations of the wary horseplayer. He now has to figure that a cagey trainer could build up a long shot by working his horse all week in steel shoes. On the day of the race, presto—plastic and victory.

**SHUCKS**

To most people, professional athletes seem to be a privileged race, living in a world of applause and five-figure incomes, quite removed from mortal harassment. Mickey Mantle never lies awake with heartburn. The battery on Arnold Palmer's car is never dead on cold mornings, and Bob Cousy's wife loses being home alone with the kids.

But last week one young athlete, up to his armpits in money and applause, sounded like a lot of other guys for whom the winter has been long, cold and fruitless. Playing in the 96-hole Palm Springs Golf Classic, Don January struck a 148-yard tee shot that bounded dead to the pin for a hole in one. The shot was worth \$50,000. In a subsequent radio interview the announcer bubbled, "How did it feel to make that shot, Don?" "Man, it felt great," bubbled Don. "And what are you going to do with that money?" said the announcer. "Man, I owe it all," said January.

**CASEY OF CHARACTERS**

- Cleveland Brown Fullback Jim Brown isn't saying whether Sam Huff of the Giants or Joe Schmidt of the Lions is the better linebacker—"I don't want them trying to prove a point by tackling me any harder than usual."
- England's fun-loving golfer, Max Faulkner, says: "Most American golfers are too serious when they play. I like larking, but I feel these American chaps will blame me if they make a bad shot. So when I play in the U.S. I go around in complete silence and I am bored with it all."
- Bud Adams, wealthy owner of the Houston Oilers, likes to soften up his player prospects by stuffing \$100 bills in their breast pockets. When a Midwest halfback balked at signing, however, Adams was foiled. He found the breast pocket on the halfback's new suit still stitched, and the quarry escaped, still a free agent.





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# NEW INGO WITH A NEW LEFT

Ingemar Johansson used to live easy and depend on his right-hand punch. Now, looking to his third fight with Floyd Patterson, a serious Ingo boasts of a left, too

by MARTIN KANE

There is a green door at Sing Sing, leading to the electric chair, and there is a green door at Palm Beach, Fla., leading to a chamber in which Ingemar Johansson works in secret to charge his massive fists with enough voltage to execute a grim purpose—knockout victory in his third and rubber fight with Floyd Patterson March 13 at the Miami Beach Convention Hall (elsewhere on closed-circuit television).

Just as Patterson trained secretly to regain his title, so Johansson now trains two days a week behind that closed and curtained green door. On these occasions press and public are barred. A movie camera grinds out the record of the workout. Next day Ingemar and his trainers study the movies, about which the ex-champion is enthusiastic.

"In them," he explained, relaxing last week at poolside on the terrace of the Holiday Inn, where he lives in a sumptuous suite overlooking the ocean. "I see I do things I never knew I do. Wrong things. Next day I fix these moves."

From the star-chamber sessions behind the green door emerge black-eyed, battered sparring partners, a

*continued*

JARRING LEFT to the head over sparring partner's right leaves Johansson (right) with lethal right cocked and ready.







novelty in a Johansson training camp. Their bruises and mouses are the clearest signals you could find that in at least one very significant respect Ingemar Johansson, the playboy prizefighter of Hollywood, the Catskills, Paris, Geneva and now Palm Beach, has changed his charming ways. Training for his first and second fights against Patterson, Johansson scandalized a sporting profession whose spiritual home is Sparta. He danced, he swam, he ate strawberry shortcake. He flaunted his romance with the very comely Birgit Lundgren. And he never once laid harsh glove on pampered sparring partner. He treated these professional punching bags as dear friends, harassed them only with mild horseplay and left them at the end of each sparring session with the feeling that they had enjoyed pleasant exercise with a gentle, sweet-souled fellow. They were a happy breed.

It's all different now, and the sparring partners for this match are a morose lot, men who earn their \$25-a-day-and-keep in the very hardest way, by accepting the blows of one of the ring's hardest punchers. So far two of them have been pummeled out of action, and Trainer Whitey Binstein has been ordered to bring a fresh batch down from the north.

Out of Ingemar's secret torture chamber the other day emerged Tony Esperti of Brooklyn, 195 pounds, and Joey La Quatra of Pittsburgh, 190 pounds. Esperti's left eye was bruised purple, green and yellow, giving a lovely Floridian sunset effect. La Quatra's left eyelid was cut. A natural assumption was that these wounds had been caused by the vaunted right hand of the Swedish ex-champion.

"No," Esperti sighed. "He done it with the left. He lands the left funny. It comes across your face."

Next day Esperti did not show up for the training session. He explained that he thought he had "a sore throat or something." A rugged new boy, Billy Stephan of St. Louis, 181 pounds, took his unenviable place.

Esperti was the first person ever to

acknowledge that a Johansson left hand could cause damage. All previous accounts of the left, and all previous showings of it in this country, had indicated that it was a mere device to distract attention from the lethal right. But Johansson always has insisted that his left hook is only slightly inferior to his right. And, after all, he was wronged when so many doubted the validity of his right hand before the first Patterson fight, during which it exploded with winning force. So, in the coming bout the left could be the hand to watch.

#### New departures

In addition to discomfiting his sparring partners, Johansson has departed from previous policy in other ways. He works out with dumbbells now, though he won't say why and he won't let anyone watch him work with them. Presumably he is building up some important muscles. It is unusual for any but young, underdeveloped fighters to work out with dumbbells. Most trainers believe that in time they bind muscles.

But Ingemar makes his own training rules. He likes to swim and does so briefly every day, though conservative trainers frown on the sport for fighters.

Another innovation is also a secret. Whereas in training for previous fights he ate everything that came his way, including gooey desserts, Ingemar is now on a special diet.

"It is what will make me strong but I will not say what it is," he says. His meals are being prepared by his mother, a late arrival at the training camp.

In other respects, the situation is pretty much as it was when Ingemar trained at Grossinger's for the first two fights. The Holiday Inn, where he lives, and the nearby Sea Breeze Hotel, where he boxes behind the green door, are very unlike the sparsely furnished, even ugly quarters a Floyd Patterson prefers. Johansson frankly enjoys the good things of life.

So the lovely Birgit is with him this time, too. Officially registered at the Sea Breeze, she spends most of her time helping Ingemar relax at the Holiday Inn, frolicking with him in the pool or surf, strolling with him along the beach or loitering on Ingemar's veranda. Both hotels, incidentally, are owned by the sports-loving Maurice Frank, owner of the Old Rose Farm and Sea Breeze Racing Stables.

While he lounges in beach-boy pants and Florida-flavored shirts,

continued

NEVER A BELIEVER IN SPARTAN TRAINING, INGO IS DEADLY SERIOUS THIS TIME



Photographs by Jerry Cooke

**WATCHING SELF** in special films of secret training sessions (note guard), Johansson sees things "I never knew I do."



**WOMEN IN HIS LIFE**, a standard if unorthodox part of Johansson's training routine, include well-publicized fiancée, Birgit Lundgren (above, with Ingemar in Alibon surf), and his mother (below, following Ingemar and Birgit off plane), who cooks the special diet Johansson is adhering to during his training for the third fight.



**BUNDLED IN HEAVY SWEAT CLOTHES FOR**

#### **NEW INGO** *continued*

Ingemar does a lot of ruminating. His thoughts are not the brooding thoughts of the introverted Patterson, but cool reflections on mistakes he has made and methods of correcting them. Studying movies of the second fight, and especially Patterson's knockdown punches, he is disgusted with two particular failures on his part: neglect of the defensive virtues of his remarkably fast legs and neglect of his jaw.

"I have my ups and downs," he said, "so he could hit me on the chin. I never do that before. And I move my head back like this"—an upward tilting movement of the head,





WORKOUT UNDER EARLY-MORNING SUN, EX-CHAMPION JOHANSSON CUTS INCONGRUOUS FIGURE AGAINST FLORIDA BACKGROUND

exposing the chin—"and I never do that before either.

"Well, I am not going to change my style but I make it better. The left is three times better now than it was before the last fight. I am sharpening it up from what it used to be. The left is what makes the openings for the right."

There was the matter of Patterson's famous and often-derided leap, a leap that last time ended with a knockdown left hook to the jaw in the fifth round, opening the road to the knockout.

"I know what to do about the jump," Ingemar said. Brother Rolf, who is staying at the inn with his wife and baby, interrupted.

"You can tell when the leap is coming," Rolf said. "To leap he must be down low. He cannot leap when he is straight up."

If Ingemar knows what to do about a leap he has experienced only once, it was suggested that surely Patterson must know what to do about the right, since he has experienced it twice.

"It does not matter," Ingemar said. "I hit him with the right both fights but no good left. This time he will know about the left. He will watch the left, too. But he cannot watch the right. It comes too fast. I do not know myself when I throw it." He remembered something and grinned.

"Three weeks ago in Geneva," he said, "I knock out a sparring partner with the right."

This dimple-chinned, blue-eyed bruiser, who speaks of his need for "fantasy," who enjoys listening to Beethoven on the electric organ in his suite, has a mean glint in his eye these days as he thinks of what the title meant to him when he had it and what its loss meant to him afterward ("The telephone did not ring so much").

He still enjoys his "fantasy," gazing at the sea and enjoying the company of Birgit Lundgren, but he has abandoned strawberry shortcake and a generous attitude toward sparring partners.

END

# THE BIG RUSSIAN BREAKS EVEN

He led one of the West's two best basketball teams (USC)  
against the other (UCLA), with inconclusive results

by RAY CAVE

The biggest basketball spectacular in southern California history was staged beneath the Mediterranean-blue dome of the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena last Friday and Saturday nights, and if some of the production was predictably routine—the 22,000 screaming extras, the 50 musicians, the prop men with air horns and the bouncy, blonde cheerleaders—the casting of the handsome son of a Russian strawberry farmer as leading man was Hollywood inspiration at its dizziest.

On the successive nights, John Rudometkin, 6-foot 6-inch junior center from the University of Southern California, improvised new tricks and treats when his old ones wouldn't

work and thoroughly frustrated a fine UCLA defense. Rudo the Russian shot right- or left-handed, with three men guarding him or none, from 30 feet or 30 inches, and showed why he is the best basketball player in the West. Still, Hollywood insisted on the happy ending for everybody. When Rudometkin was done, his team had only earned a split in the bitter basketball rivalry between USC and UCLA. USC won the first game 78-63, UCLA won the second 86-83. Which team is the Coast's best won't be decided until their final game on March 3. Both deserve ranking among the country's top 10. Either will go a long way as the Big Five representative in the NCAA national championships.

It is a vagary of southern California

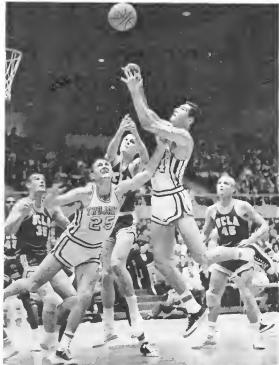
basketball that the place to find a team and its coach before a game is in the shade of the palm and eucalyptus trees that surround the swimming pool of some posh hotel. This was a home game for USC, but Forrest Twogood still had his team in the Chaparral Park, a Wilshire Boulevard hotel, where they were living what passes in the region for the monastic life. And it was at poolside Friday that he was saying, "I've never had a better team than this, and never a better player than Rudometkin. We have good quick shooters and a fast offense that can take care of itself." Lean, nervous, with clear blue eyes and light hair that grows as fitfully as an unfertilized corn crop, Twogood was once a left-handed pitcher for the Toledo Mud Hens of the old American Association. So it was his left hand that he waved before placing it on his stomach as if soothing a pain. "It's my defense that is really worrying me," he admitted. "These will be brutal, banging games under the backboards. We must stop their forwards by guarding them closely. This leaves only Rudometkin to guard that garbage man of theirs, John Berberich. He's 6 feet 8 and he picks up all the loose balls and stuffs them in the can. He's so strong that he almost sank an Air Force cadet who was hanging on his arm last week. Rudo's defense isn't the best, and I'm afraid that could kill us."

Twogood gazed at the sunlight reflecting off the pool, and mused about other facts of Los Angeles basketball life. "These UCLA and USC fans aren't coming to see games this weekend. They want to see vicious body contact. They're hoping for a fight, a bloody one. [The last time the teams met, the game ended in a riot up-court.] Still, the biggest problems for a California coach," he said, "are the pools, the beaches, the convertibles and the pretty girls. Some of our kids come from small towns and they see all this and it gets pretty hard to keep their minds on basketball. Of course, I'm not going to knock biology. You've got to live with it."

In his hotel room Rudometkin was early hanging up on a girl who had called and asked for tickets. "Just one of Rudo's many," a team-



BOUNCY UCLA CHEERLEADERS WERE SAD ON FRIDAY, ECSTATIC (ABOVE) SATURDAY



USC'S BIG JOHN RUDOMETKIN SAILS ABOVE RIVALS AND TEAMMATES FOR REBOUND

mate kidded. A gracious and friendly farm boy, Rudo was raised in the coastal village of Santa Maria by his Russian parents, who emigrated first to Mexico and then to the United States. Deeply religious and reserved, they still speak little but Russian in their home. "They weren't really Americanized when I started playing basketball," says Rudo. "Dad thought it was a waste of time. Now they are wild fans. They see every game, so do my relatives. I've got 25 coming this weekend. That's why I'm out of tickets."

The arena was similar at the Bel Air Sands Hotel, where John Wooden was going over final strategy with his UCLA team. Wooden, a shy, prunish man, is as different from Forrest Twogood as Bernard Baruch is from Leo Durocher. He has a mas-

ter's degree in English, holds a high school principal's certificate, is a church deacon, neither drinks nor swears. His most violent epithet: "Goodness gracious sakes alive." "Of course," he concedes, "I have told referees that I couldn't tell their tops from their bottoms, which is almost as bad as swearing." He schedules his practice drills to the minute, has records to show what drills he ran 20 years ago. He instills a sense of discipline and dedication in his players and, as Twogood does, he accents a tough defense.

"We must neutralize Rudometkin," he told his players. "We'll play two of their men loosely in order to keep three men near Rudometkin. He must not get the ball." Aside from that, Wooden's main worry was rebounds. If his team wasn't getting

them, he said, "I might chide them rather severely at half time."

On Friday night UCLA was the home team, but the crowd of 13,300, a record for a Big Five game, seemed evenly divided between the two Los Angeles schools. The public-address announcer appealed for sportsmanship and asked that there be quiet while players were shooting fouls. He might as well have asked Marilyn Monroe to walk without a wiggle.

After the tip-off a strange combination of events occurred. Wooden's defense was containing Rudometkin amazingly well, but the USC defense wasn't giving UCLA anything but the toughest of shots, and USC controlled the backboards. As a result, by half time, Rudometkin had only one basket, but USC had eight more rebounds than UCLA and led 35-31. "Goodness gracious sakes alive," Wooden was heard exclaiming.

Early in the second half UCLA's John Berberich drew his fourth personal foul while guarding Rudometkin, and had to be more careful. Rudo seized the chance to originate his own ballet beneath the basket. Twisting and whirling for seven goals, he finished with 27 points, and USC won easily.

Saturday night, before 8,000 and a live-television audience, Forrest Twogood brought USC back to the Arena for the clincher, only to have his worst fears realized. Rudometkin was even better offensively, but UCLA, shooting its best of the season, took advantage of every defensive lapse, and led at half time 54-45. Rudometkin kept USC in the game, scoring 37 points (an Arena record) before fouling out with two and a half minutes left. In another 90 seconds the rest of USC's starting lineup also fouled out, and the best the second string could do was come within one point. At the final gun the air horns blasted, the cheerleaders jiggled, and Old Pitcher Forrest Twogood walked slowly over to congratulate John Wooden. Twogood still had a one-game lead over UCLA in the Big Five standings, and he had the leading man for spectators to come, but he wasn't pleased. His hand was on his stomach; his left hand.

END

# RITUAL RASSLE



*A handful of salt tossed ceremoniously into the ring, a referee garbed in ancient splendor, huge contestants tensely poised—these are the 2,000-year-old elements of sumo wrestling, Japan's classic sport, shown here from ringside in the Kyushu Sumo Tournament at Fukuoka*

*Photographs by Jerry Cooke*



CONTINUED

SUMO *continued*



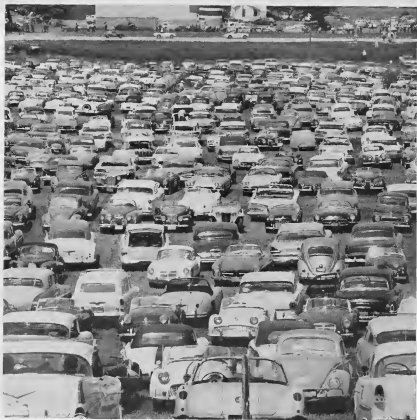
*After a round of formalized face-making designed  
to frighten the opponent, the wrestlers prepare for  
the initial grip that often determines the victor*



CONTINUED







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## SAFE DRIVING PART II

# COME CORNER WITH ME

by JACK BRABHAM, WORLD CHAMPION DRIVER

In these pages the world's No. 1 road driver refines the lively art of sports car handling to its essentials. His language is not technical. His lessons are drawn from a deep well of experience, including racing in America, where Brabham has seen at first hand the great postwar rise of the sports car. Month after month the boom goes on. Scores of thousands of American sports car drivers, who have learned to admire the sure-footed cars Brabham discusses below, wave fraternal greetings to one another when they meet on the road. Brabham speaks to them, and to all who would safely join their company.

The motorists of the world may be divided into two groups. By far the larger one includes all those who view the motor car primarily as a tool for transportation. They may be more or less skillful and find motoring enjoyable, but they do not consider the act of driving fascinating in itself.

Members of the smaller group, on the other hand, take active delight in driving. They require something more than comfortable transportation from point A to point B, and they find that extra something, if they have the means, in a sports car.

Why a sports car? The sports car's reason for being is its ability to outperform the ordinary passenger sedan on the twisting, undulating roads that are the abiding joy of the keen driver. The sports car is smaller, lighter and lower than the typical sedan. Having a shorter wheelbase, it can be maneuvered within a shorter radius. Weighing less, it gives the

engine an easier load to pull and the brakes a lighter one to slow and stop. Because of its lower center of gravity it tends to hug the road more securely in the corners. Being more firmly sprung, it sways and leans less while taking a corner.

The engine, which may be in the front or rear, is relatively small—often a mere one-third the size of conventional American V-8s. It differs from them in another way. The U.S. engine delivers tremendous torque—that is, the ability to accelerate—at low engine speeds. The sports car engine must be revved up much higher to achieve an equal effect.

Unlike some of the most popular U.S. cars, the sports car has neither power steering nor an automatic transmission. The former, which is useful only on extremely heavy cars and then only at low speeds, would deaden the driver's "feel" of the front wheels. Use of the latter, the automatic transmission, would not

only strip the sporting driver of a time-honored privilege, that of selecting for himself the gear he thinks proper for a given situation, but would also reduce to the level of boredom the fine and sensitive art of cornering. At bottom, serious motoring is cornering. There is no challenge in a long, straight stretch of road. It is the winding road that lures the sports car man, precisely because he can test his ability to select the right gear for every bend, sweep smoothly around it and have power in hand when he comes out of it. Parting the keen driver from his gearshift would be like denying a sailing skipper the right to set his sails as he pleases.

The parallel between skipper and driver is especially valid since each must develop a very high degree of oneness with his craft if he is to excel. The expert driver is always aware of the messages being transmitted through his hands on the steering wheel, his throttle foot and, not least, the seat of his pants.

But what is it that makes an accomplished driver and a safe one? First, there is sound technique, which of course is the cornerstone of safe driving. I assume the reader already knows the value of common sense, respect for traffic laws and an awareness of the rights of others—those building blocks without which the

structure of safe driving could not be put together.

The actual driving process begins with good posture at the wheel. The driver should sit well back, in position to use the pedals without having to stretch his legs, his arms extended but not stiffly so. The idea is to be comfortable and at the same time have maximum leverage on the wheel and the pedals.

Many drivers unwisely crouch over the wheel. I did so myself in my early days of racing midget cars in Australia, because of the cramped little cockpits and the necessity of ducking clods kicked up from the dirt tracks by other cars. Shedding the crouch was one of my biggest problems when I switched from track racing to road racing, and often I still instinctively revert to the hunched-forward position in the stress of competition. Sitting back is less fatiguing. And besides providing great-

*continued*



**SMILING JACK** Brabham has twice been world champion. Right: he corners on deserted road in spirited sports car tryout.

er steering leverage a model posture also keeps the body firmly anchored to the backrest, preventing the driver from swaying back and forth at the whim of centrifugal force.

There is but one right way to hold the steering wheel. Imagine a line bisecting it horizontally and then grasp the wheel on either side just above that line. Because sports car steering is much quicker than that of ordinary cars, the steering wheel doesn't have to be moved as far to turn the road wheels an equal distance. For sharp turns the hands have to be shifted on the steering wheel, but for most bends on the open road that isn't necessary.

A light, practiced touch on the steering wheel is one of the keys to expert driving. Another, more important one, is a sympathetic approach to that much discussed and often abused mechanism, the gearbox.

There is nothing mysterious about it; it is merely a device for harnessing the engine's power to the driver's varying needs. The lighter the work load assigned to the rear wheels the higher the gear should be.

Virtually all sports cars have four forward speeds. Whenever one is selected, a driving gear and the gear it is to drive must be meshed. To be

meshed perfectly they must be turning at the same speed when the shift is made.

To achieve this took no little skill in the days when all cars had "crash" gearboxes, so called because synchromesh hadn't yet come in and there was an unearthy amount of clashing, crashing and stripping of gears as clumsy drivers tried to match them up by force rather than finesse. Synchromesh is the name given to various systems that synchronise the gears mechanically. It came into general use in the 1930s and is nearly universal today, the exceptions being a few racing cars and a good many trucks. The Cooper-Climax Grand Prix cars I race, for example, have crash boxes because they can be built lighter and stronger if the synchromesh is omitted. But in shifting down from one gear to another it is absolutely essential that I double-clutch (the English expression is double-declutch) to avoid the consequences mentioned above and others equally bad.

Every sports car driver should learn how to double-clutch, even though his car is equipped with synchromesh. As the phrase indicates, the clutch is used twice, not just once, as a downshift is made. (For a description of how it is done, see box at right.)

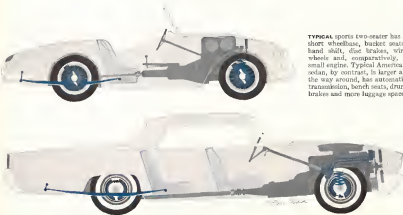
The point of double-clutching is to

bring the speed of the driving gear—which necessarily lags behind—up to a level permitting neat engagement of the driven gear. This is accomplished by using the accelerator when the car is in neutral. If this step is left out, synchromesh will prevent gear clash, but other undesirable things may happen. First, the synchromesh system itself may be overloaded, and under really brutal treatment may in time be badly damaged. Also, if the clutch is slowly engaged after a straight downshift there will be an agonising hit of clutch-slipping as gear speed is hauled upward. If the clutch is let in with a jerk the rear wheels may, in an extreme case, skid or even lock. More than once, I have seen racing cars thrown completely off the road because of faulty downshifting.

Needless to say, the gearboxes of cars driven on the road at normal, legal speeds are not subjected to racing stresses. The worst effects of sloppy downshifting are likely to be limited to excessive synchromesh and clutch wear. Even so, it is unwise to be sloppy about any of the techniques of good driving; the sports car is a precision instrument and should be treated as such.

The beginning sports car driver should practice double-clutching on a

## SPORTS VS. PASSENGER CARS



**TYPICAL** sports two-seater has a short wheelbase, bucket seats, hand shift, disc brakes, wire wheels and, comparatively, a small engine. Typical American sedan, by contrast, is larger all the way around, has automatic transmission, bench seats, drum brakes and more luggage space.

deserted section of road until he has it nicely coordinated. Having an expert driver along to demonstrate and coach will make the process simpler.

I have my doubts about the usefulness of the famous heel-and-toe method of downshifting in ordinary highway driving. This entails applying the brakes while actually shifting down (see diagram 5 at right) and is only appropriate to a more violent kind of driving than is reasonable on the road. It is essential in racing, where one delays braking until the last possible moment when approaching a bend, but I personally never heel-and-toe in normal driving.

I can see that knowing how to heel-and-toe would be helpful if a driver miscalculated and came up to a bend much too fast. But in that case he probably would be wiser—particularly if he did not have the heel-and-toe business down pat—to concentrate on braking in the usual way and forget about the niceties of downshifting until he had the car under safe control.

In contrast to downshifting, shifting up is less glamorous but not to be neglected. It isn't necessary to double-clutch, since the gears will be close to synchronization anyway, but upshifting does require firm, decisive movements of the clutch pedal and gearshift. The clutch should be disengaged very quickly and then, after the shift is made, let in neither abruptly nor gradually but at a speed somewhere in between. Meanwhile, the throttle should be used gently. Stepping down hard on it overloads the engine, wastes gasoline and is not the quickest way to accelerate. First gear on most sports cars is only a starting gear. Once the car is rolling, the shift to second should be made immediately.

There are maximum road speeds for each gear. These are always specified in the instruction manual that comes with every car. If they are exceeded, the engine will be put under undue strain. In no case should a driver go beyond the maximum engine speed indicated on his tachometer—the instrument that tells at a glance how many revolutions per minute the crankshaft is making.

Brakes are less delicate than engines, but no less important. There are two kinds—the drum type common to all sedans, in which stationary shoes press outward against a drum

continued



## HOW TO DOUBLE-CLUTCH

A practice every sports car driver should know and use to save wear on gearbox synchromesh system when shifting down begins (1) when driver disengages clutch, backs off throttle and shifts to neutral. Driver is shifting down here from third gear to second. Next and most vital step (2) is to re-engage clutch in neutral, step on accelerator to bring gear speed up to road speed. Driver next depresses clutch pedal a second time (3), releases throttle and makes his shift into second. Process is completed (4) when he lets

in clutch, gets smoothly back on throttle. Heel-and-toe system (5) combined with double-clutching permits ultra-fast deceleration during downshift. Driver shifts into neutral, prepares to hit throttle with heel while applying brakes with toe. Technique varies with individual preference and position of pedals. Some drivers brake with heel and press accelerator with toe; others roll side of braking foot down onto accelerator. Brabham suggests practicing downshifting on empty road, with coaching from expert driver if possible.

rotating with the road wheel, and the disc type, used on most Grand Prix cars, which employs a caliper-like affair to squeeze against a rotating metal disc (see diagram at right). As found on sports cars, both types are good, but the discs have two advantages. First, they are not subject to fade. Drum brakes, if repeatedly used hard within a short space of time, get very hot. The drums expand, increasing the distance between shoes and drum surface and thus lowering braking efficiency. The discs get hot, too, but because they expand toward, not away from, the friction pads mounted on the calipers, stopping power is not diminished. The second advantage is that the discs, when splashed with water, simply

throw it off, while drum brakes have to be dried out by repeated application of the brake pedal.

The average driver does not need additional coaching on how to use his brakes, except perhaps in the matter of slowing abruptly from a relatively high speed. The thing to be avoided is locking the brakes. They shouldn't just be jammed on. The driver brakes firmly until he senses that locking is imminent, then lifts, brakes again and so on.

The objective of every sports car driver should be a supple coordination of steering wheel, gearshift and foot pedals. Here are basic guidelines to be followed:

- 1) Never let the engine labor in too high a gear. If it is not running freely, shift down.
- 2) Size up approaching bends as

early as possible and decide *before* entering them whether you will need to brake, shift or both. Decide quickly and act decisively. It should not be necessary to shift or brake while in a bend.

3) For every bend select a gear that will permit you to take it at a reasonable, safe speed, with 1,500 to 2,000 rpm in hand. In other words, neither select so low a gear that you must corner at maximum rpm (and therefore let the car become stagnant, with no further ability to accelerate), nor remain in one too high, in which you will have to lug along painfully after braking for the curve.

4) Never deliberately corner so fast that you risk losing tire adhesion. However, drivers sometimes accidentally go into skids, and everyone should be aware of the basic method

## SAFETY AIDS FOR ALL CARS



**FIRE EXTINGUISHER** is too often neglected. All-purpose pump-action type puts out oil, other fires.



**THROWAWAY EXTINGUISHER** sprays 12-foot stream when top is pierced, but can be used only once.

**REFLECTORS** are among cheapest, best devices for warning cars during emergency night roadside halt.



**TWO-WAY LANTERN** is handy for nighttime repairs. The white lamp lights work, red one warns traffic.



**WHEEL LUG WRENCH** is traditional model for changing flats, unfortunately does not work on all cars.



**TROUBLE LIGHT** is rigged to be plugged into the lighter socket, has hang-up hook for easy positioning.

**FLASHLIGHT** is absolute minimum safety aid. Spare batteries should be carried against possible failure.



**TOW STRAP** might save wrecker fee, lost time if hitched to another car for tow from snow, mud, ditch.

of recovery: steer in the direction of the skid (that is, if the rear wheels are sliding to the right, turn your steering wheel to the right) and delay braking until you have satisfactorily regained steering control.

5) If you have a nodding acquaintance with advanced racing techniques, firmly quash the impulse to use them on the road. Even the simplest of these—using the entire width of the road while cornering—is clearly out of order in everyday driving. Deliberately provoking a slide or drift is the deadliest sin of all. Apart from being patently out of place on the highway, controlled slides and drifts require painstaking experiment and practice, for which the average sports car driver has neither sufficient time nor a suitable practice ground. Moreover, these techniques require reflexes

*continued*

## DISCS AND DRUMS



**SPORTS CAR BRAKES** are known for efficiency. Newest type (left), proved on aircraft, has friction pads that squeeze a metal disc (large arrow) as hydraulic pressure (small arrow) is applied by brake pedal. In traditional drum type (right), lined shoes exert braking friction against drum surface.



**DETERGENT** mixture should be kept on hand to replace dwindling fluid in the windshield squinters.



**FIRST AID KIT** has obvious value, is especially useful when one tours or goes camping in wild, lonely areas.



**OUTSIDE MIRROR** removes blind spot hiding overtaking cars, also helps when rear window is clouded.



**PAPER TOWELS** are an easy, inexpensive means of wiping winter steam from windshield, cleaning headlamps.

**BUMPER JACK** is type found on most U.S. cars. It should be kept rust-free, lubricated for best use.



**HIGHWAY FLARE** is wind-and-rain-proof, burns for one hour, is visible at greater distances than reflectors.



**SEAT BELT** is the one safety device that everybody should have. This aircraft type bolts solidly to floor.



**SCRAPER-SQUEEGEE** has metal blade for de-icing windows, rubber one for clearing away slush, snow.

of a high order, and a sharp sense of the steering characteristics of one's car at high cornering forces.

For example, to get the most from a Grand Prix car in a high-speed bend one must often induce all four wheels to slip slightly sideways throughout. I might initiate a drift by quickly stabbing the brakes, then follow through with just enough throttle and a series of ever so slight steering corrections to carry on at something near my car's optimum speed for the curve in question. If that speed is, say, 140 mph, I dare not be so insensitive or rash as to try 141 mph, for then I would be off the road and, sadly, into the scenery.

During a race I might also—and often do—slipstream a competitor's car. This is known as getting a tow. The leading car breaks the wind for the one following, which thereby is able to keep pace at an engine speed several hundred rpm's lower than normal. For this to be effective the following car must close up to within a few feet of the tail of the leader. Needless to say, I would never try to get a tow from any but a seasoned, superior driver. Nor would I slipstream another car on the road, any more than I would induce a drift.

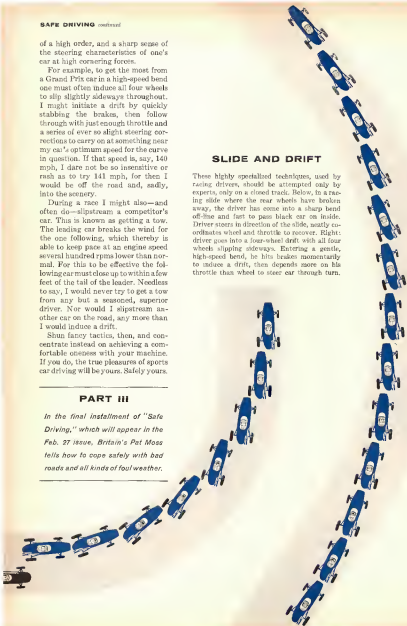
Shun fancy tactics, then, and concentrate instead on achieving a comfortable oneness with your machine. If you do, the true pleasures of sports car driving will be yours. Safely yours.

### PART III

*In the final installment of "Safe Driving," which will appear in the Feb. 27 issue, Britain's Pat Moss tells how to cope safely with bad roads and all kinds of foul weather.*

### SLIDE AND DRIFT

These highly specialized techniques, used by racing drivers, should be attempted only by experts, only on a closed track. Below, in a racing slide where the rear wheels have broken away, the driver has come into a sharp bend off-line and fast to pass black car on inside. Driver steers in direction of the slide, neatly coordinates wheel and throttle to recover. Right: driver goes into a four-wheel drift with all four wheels slipping sideways. Entering a gentle, high-speed bend, he hits brakes momentarily to induce a drift, then depends more on his throttle than wheel to steer car through turn.







Photographed at East Meadow Bowl, East Meadow, Long Island

Mrs. Duke's clothes selected by Harper's Bazaar.

**MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE**—follows through at another "Magic Triangle" bowling center. Ever since AMF Automatic Pinspotters, it seems more and more folks everywhere are taking up the sport. It figures. The game's more exciting. More fun for the family. Find out for yourself. Bowl where you see the AMF "Magic Triangle."



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Tad Rand

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## Corvette by Chevrolet

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

Photograph by Riparkin

## MOTHER SET THE STYLE

Pretty Laurence Owen is the  
most exciting U.S. skater,  
but in her remarkable family she  
is just another champion

by BARBARA HEILMAN

A practice patch of ice at 4 or 5 in the morning, to those who are not figure skaters on a competitive level, looks like the ninth circle of Hell. Dante reserved it for traitors, but in Boston the frozen circle is reserved for the likes of pretty 16-year-old Laurence Owen, if she is lucky. It isn't easy to find ice on which to put in hours of solitary practice, and if there is ice available at 5 a.m. in the bleak old Boston Arena—what good fortune! Laurence's mother Maribel Vinson Owen thought so years ago, when she practiced there from 5 until 9 and won her nine national championships. The whole family presumably thinks so today. On January 27, in Colorado Springs, Laurence (pronounced Lo-ro-ans) and her sister Maribel, with partner Dudley Richards, took the national singles and pairs titles like apples from a low-hanging branch, executing programs far removed in kind and execution from the usual tediouso but to-be-respected arrangements of jumps and spins.



NEW CHAMPION LAURENCE AND OLD CHAMPION MARIBEL SHARE FAN MAIL

Laurence and young Maribel (now 20) have been reaching for these apples for a long time. They were bundled onto the ice at about 2, Laurence on the Cambridge Rink, attended by her mother and father—himself a top-ranked skater—and the future world and Olympic champion, Tenley Albright. Tenley recalls that Laurence's suit for the occasion was a bright yellow. Instructed by big Maribel, who had retired from competition to become one of this country's top coaches, both young Maribel and Laurence started well and kept coming. Young Maribel, a slender, fair girl and a crisp and arrowy skater, proved to be a natural at pairs skating. Her partner is 28-year-

old Boston bachelor Dudley Richards, a first-rank singles competitor before he took up pairs skating. Now in his 20th year of competition, Dudley is given to pointing out with mingled pride and gloom that he was competing before many of the present skaters—including Laurence—were born.

While Dudley and Maribel moved steadily up to the pairs title, Laurence has moved up to the singles. And the competition has moved up, too. "In my day," says Laurence disconcertingly, "if you did an Axel, that was something. Now the little girls do every double jump in the book." It is not clear exactly when she considers her day to have been—perhaps

continued



**HAPPY HITCHHIKER**, novice winner Albertina Noyes gets lift from Laurence.

#### **LAURENCE OWEN** continued

when she was about 8. "The years when I was 6 and 7 I really worked hard, all the time," she says. "Then when I was about 8 I didn't work at all. I just thought I knew everything. I didn't compete at all that year, except in pairs, with a boy who was the national champion the next year. I wasn't a very good pairs skater, to say the very least. Everybody was older. Anyway, the only thing that got me back to work was that Mum-

my said I couldn't go to camp, so I really got going."

She kept going, and the world began to notice. Last year she placed third in the nationals, and then took sixth in the Olympics with a routine so avant-garde that it left the spectators—and not a few judges—agape. If baffled by the style, none could deny the talent. And this year it looked as though Laurence would win the nationals. Carol Hess, the champion, had turned professional; and Barbara Roles, who finished between Carol and Laurence in 1960, gave up skating to marry. This clearing of the path to the championship was not without its negative aspects. As Tenley observed, losing to a champion involves little loss of face. To suddenly be expected to win, and perhaps be considered one down if you don't makes for a different competitive climate. "Less competition but more pressure," Tenley said. Also, there was the fact that her chief competitor, Stephanie Westerfeld, skated out of the Broadmoor Club, where the nationals were to be held, and would be accustomed to the altitude and the ice.

#### **A feeling for music**

Laurence worked. She skated from 5 in the morning until one in the afternoon on days when she had midyear examinations. She traced her figures over until the gray ice with its whole width of superimposed circles looked like the notebook of a child giant practicing the Palmer method.

Laurence works hard and steadily, but not rapaciously. She moves through her figures conscientiously but does not appear drawn or driven. Her free skating has an air, a style, an individuality which sets it apart from all the work done in free skating in recent years. The majority of skaters are dictated to by their medium, and tend at best to master—though brilliantly—what are essentially clichés of the ice. They put a given number of jumps and spins between the beginning and the end of a piece of music, and the skating is not much more related to the music than that. Laurence's great gift is a feeling for her music. She has the good dancer's over-all sense of her own body, and at no time will the line of, say, one arm be at odds with the whole. She skates cleanly—no tricks, no maneuvered presentations.

And when she is going well, she is able to translate precisely what she feels and intends as a dancer into terms of ice and skates—which is a rarer ability than one might suppose. It was rare, indeed, at the nationals this year; and it won her the championship after she had fallen behind Stephanie Westerfeld in the restrictive school figures.

Laurence also has great presence. When she is on the ice it is Laurence one watches, however little she may be doing. Her smile alone is worth the 5 a.m. trip to the rink. "The greatest natural smile I've ever seen," said a photographer. "I've spent hours trying to coax a laughing smile like that from a girl."

The closer you get to Laurence the less definite is the presence. Off the ice she is confident, but essentially reserved, very gentle, and inclined to daydream. Her interests are widely but not shallowly scattered—at 16 she is a senior in Winchester High School and on the honor roll. "But she isn't always organized," says Dudley, who is. "The clock means nothing to Laurence," says big Maribel, who breathes by the clock. And young Maribel: "You can be talking to Laurence and see she isn't listening—she may just go off and look for some paper and write a poem."

Both girls' social life and the range of their extracurricular activities at school (young Maribel is a senior at Boston University) are of course affected by their skating. They're away, or at practice, or in training, and any socializing in the 20- and 16-year-old sense of the term is limited. Laurence says typically, "I was invited to the junior prom, but it was the same week as the nationals," and, "Mr. Skerry [Laurence's Latin teacher] worries, and wants to know why I have to do so much, and why I don't get to know my peer group. So I said, 'But Mr. Skerry, think of all the other people I do get to know.'" "I saw Mr. Skerry at the Fathers' Club meeting," big Maribel said, "and I zoned in and told him all about how ice skating develops concentration."

Laurence does get to some dances, the one, for instance, where "he was so short and he danced so close." She grimaced, and conjured up a vivid image of a young man whuffling around her collarbone like a wet-nosed puppy. She meets boys—thou-

sands of boys—at competitions. "Maribel, remember that darling boy from Chile at the Olympics? He wanted to trade sweaters. He had a beautiful heavy blue sweater, with all that white work. I should have, but I couldn't. It seemed like such a rotten trade for him. Pancho—what was his last name? I thought I wouldn't ever forget it. And that boy from Iceland. Oh, Cortez. Pancho Cortez." Mr. Skerry can rest easy. Laurence has her peer group wrapped around her little finger.

#### A passion for work

In the gossip circles of the figure skating world there are occasional whisperings to the effect that "Maribel drives the poor girls so." This is to some extent true. No sooner were the nationals over at Colorado Springs than Maribel hustled the girls back east to start practicing for the North American championships in Philadelphia on February 11 and 12. But professional and maternal pride apart, by the time a child reaches the national level of competition a great deal of money has been invested. Maribel's girls needn't compete; but if they choose to continue, Maribel prefers they try to skate well enough to justify the \$1,000 it cost, for instance, to get to the championships in Colorado alone. Also Maribel is by nature a driver—of her students and above all of herself. She has to be. Her husband died in 1952; and to support her girls and her mother, who lives with them in the Boston suburb of Winchester in a large and beautiful old house, she works seven days a week, keeping to a schedule that would break the back of a Percheron. She is up at 5 or 6 every day, teaching her girls early in the morning, then leaping from class to class at rinks all over and around Boston. She frequently has no lunch, and several nights a week has perhaps half an hour for dinner before leaving to teach until 11 or 12. She supervises ice shows and community projects, fusses over costumes and prepares her pupils' music—splicing it for them in the relatively free hours between 2 and 4 in the morning.

Her friends marvel, and they fidget. It doesn't seem possible that she can keep it up. On the other hand, it is manifestly impossible that she not keep it up. She is besides everything else an extremely intelligent woman

of many interests, entire honesty and humor, and she has a childlike quality, wildly at variance with her stern and businesslike struggles to keep everybody's head above water, which is hopelessly endearing.

The latter probably explains the warmth of the basically insane Owen plan of existence, which is a most complex web of comings and goings, interchangeable responsibilities and emotional checks and balances. Granny, Maribel, young Maribel and Laurence appear to take turns mothering one another and doing the shopping, with an assist from the enduring Dudley when the schedule cannot possibly be stretched to include one more errand. It is some time before an outsider can be convinced that the menage will make it through to another dawn.

But they do—although some dawns are quieter than others. After all, it is not a simple business for a woman—

even a woman like big Maribel—to be father, mother, breadwinner and coach to her daughters, and daughter to her own mother at the same time. Any four women living together are not going to constitute a hotbed of tranquillity, even without such additional complications. In the Owen home there are small upheavals and noises, but no more than are appropriate. If there is a lot of skating talk, basically it is understood all around that most important are the girls' special interests and ultimate pursuits—young Maribel's college and desire to teach, Laurence's interest in writing and travel and acting, or whatever a 16-year-old may later decide to do instead. The measure of the grace with which Maribel has managed a very difficult job is of course the girls themselves, and anyone who has met them can see that a lot more has been won around Winchester than all that silver on the mantelpiece. **END**



**FAMILY SWEEP** of skating trophies brought U.S. women's singles to Laurence, senior pairs to sister Maribel (left) and partner Dudley Richards.

## The troubles of a prosperous sport

*Sports Illustrated's Turf Editor, Whitney Tower (right), here begins a series of articles on what may be termed the hidden crisis in Thoroughbred racing in this country. The result of long observation and recently growing concern, this series will go beyond mere critical analysis to recommend constructive solutions—the first being true authority for a national racing body*



Thoroughbred racing is today the most popular and most prosperous sport in the country. Its recent growth indicates that it is also one of the most vigorous. Some 35 million people will attend racing in 1961, at 113 tracks. They will bet more than \$2½ billion on the outcome of 34,000 races. In those races, 30,000 starters will compete for nearly \$86 million in purses. All told, the Thoroughbred industry has a capital investment of \$2 billion, and 50,000 persons earn their living in it. Impressive as these figures are, there is every reason to believe that all will continue to increase in the seasons immediately ahead.

And yet, despite such clear signs of vigor and success, racing faces a number of serious threats to its welfare. Race tracks are in fierce competition with each other for the most customers and the best horses, and in the heat of this continuing battle many of the traditional elements of the sport are slipping out of sight.

Before it became even a small business, American racing was truly a sport. Its founders began with a deep-rooted dedication to breeding a "classic" horse, that rare animal en-

dowed with a combination of heart, speed and stamina. They trained their horses in the hopes of winning a classic race. As tradition still dictates in England and France, what little racing the young animal did was fundamentally to prepare him for the classics and cup events when he was 3 and 4 years old. Track management devoted itself to drawing together the best possible fields for purses that did not have to exceed \$100,000 to be newsworthy. Programs were varied; distance racing, hurdling and steeplechasing carried considerable prestige and drew a wide following.

### A dangerous trend

Today, racing is big business. Owners and trainers go for the quick purse. Young horses are overraced and often crippled before they are even old enough to compete in classic events. Some track managements devote their best efforts to squeezing in the extra customer by scheduling extra races on extra racing days. The publicity gimmicks multiply. Programs are a monotonous sequence of sprints. The trend, in short, is toward a vast numbers game conducted in

the plush, air-conditioned comfort of a Las Vegas gambling hall or a Chicago clip joint. And soon, if the trend continues, the traditions will be gone forever.

The ultimate cause of much of what we believe is wrong with racing today is, paradoxically, the very thing that is responsible for its growing prosperity—gambling. Americans have never been able to decide whether betting on horse races is a sin or a sport. Periodically it has been banned, legalized here and there, and hedged about with special restrictions. Today it is permitted in 25 states whose governments have discovered that it is an extremely convenient form of tax revenues. (Racing contributed nearly \$200 million to state treasuries in 1960.) Regularly, as the handle of pari-mutuel betting has risen, states have increased the amount of their take. Under this prod, track management has sought new ways to hypo the handle. In the race between tax revenue and business profits on the one hand and the sport of horse racing on the other, taxes and profits are the odds-on favorite.

This is not to say that racing is



being bled to death by taxation, as many of its promoters loudly and often proclaim. True, in some states, like Ohio, there are clear signs that the danger point is being rapidly approached. The tax on betting in Ohio has been boosted by every General Assembly since 1951. In 1960, betting was down, attendance was off and, as a result, purses paid to horsemen were lower. The only item that has gone up is the state's revenue from the betting. Obviously, if the tracks are put out of business because of excessive taxation which leads to inferior racing, which causes the public not to patronize the sport—then the state will get nothing at all from horse racing.

In our major racing states like New York, Illinois and California, however, the problem is not excessive taxation as such. It is the combination of irresponsible desire for higher revenue and track management's abetting of that desire through single-minded concern with the betting handle that has led to a decline in the quality of much of the racing. We believe that the states that derive so much profit from racing must begin to assume genuine responsibility for the quality of the sport. They must take their eyes off the tote board occasionally and pay some attention to the standards of competition. They must stop using their racing commissions as suitable areas for political-patronage appointments. A pitifully small percentage of commissioners around the country today are knowledgeable racing men.

While closer and more responsible relations between the states and racing officials are essential, the sport cannot expect many of its problems to be solved by public commissions. What is needed right now is a national body of Thoroughbred sportsmen strong enough within the limits of antitrust laws to regulate racing's internal affairs. For many years The Jockey Club (81, Nov. 11, 1957) performed this necessary function. Now stripped of much of its power, The Jockey Club's primary concern, aside from lending the sport some welcome prestige, is to maintain the guardianship of the American Stud Book.

The obvious group to become a

national supervisory board is the Thoroughbred Racing Association, a voluntary trade association made up of 45 tracks for the original purpose of mutual guidance and exchange of information on race track management. The TRA, through its Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau (81, Feb. 1, 1960), enforces a strict code of ethics and standards at all member tracks. By allocating funds to the TRPB, it provides the individual states with an investigative body at no cost to any state.

#### A full-time job

The TRA has some money and a good deal of prestige. Its 18-man board of directors is made up of some of racing's most influential track owners, managers and officials. It has the respect of racing people everywhere, and yet the TRA has most failed the sport by its reluctance to take a firm and uniform stand on controversial issues. It is true that the TRA does not have legal power to enforce its decisions—that power being reserved by the 25 state commissions. Nevertheless, it must find ways of bracing its influence to bear on racing's problems. The president of the TRA (he has a one-year term of office) often is expected to serve as head of his own track and, in addition, may run a few other businesses on the side. Obviously it would be better to have a man who could devote full time to this important job and who could look forward through reasonable tenure to carrying out long-range policies. A first step in this direction was taken recently, in spite of some resistance, by the promotion of Spencer Drayton to TRA vice-president. As such, he may be able to obtain agreement on a number of important issues. These include some necessary reforms:

- 1) Cutting down on the extra racing day, the extra race per day, the eye-catching betting gimmick—all self-defeating innovations designed to give a quick fillip to gross business.
- 2) Abandoning the policy of publicity-conscious competition between member tracks to see who can provide the biggest single purse, in favor of a wider distribution of prize money to horses of allowance or overnight hand-

continued

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### HORSE RACING *continued*

leap class in justice to their owners.

3) Promoting more and better distance racing for horses of all classes. (America's classic mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes has been won only once in the past four years by an American-bred colt.)

4) Taking a close look at the practices of some racing secretaries and handicappers. Too often a secretary will virtually "order" a trainer to run his horse—to fill a race—under threats of various sorts. Promises of future weight concessions may be used as a lure. Many a trainer, in



SPENCER DAYTON has new authority to aid the expansion of TRA's influence.

order to oblige a secretary, has replied that he'll race if he's so ordered, but he openly admits that he'll tell his jockey to take it easy because his horse isn't fit. The trainer who refuses to oblige the racing secretary may be told that his allotment of stalls will not be available to him next season.

5) Urging tough and uniform rules against the use of drugs, including the controversial butazolidin (SI, Aug. 1), until conclusive laboratory and field tests determine the drugs' immediate and long-range effects on Thoroughbreds.

These and other specific racing problems (the lack of an adequate training program for jockeys, the crisis in steeplechasing and hurdling, the need for an international racing policy) will be examined in future articles. **END**

## Hard cash paid out in the open

With \$1,500 waiting at the finish, Christian Pravda took the first pro race at Aspen

Christian Pravda is a dour, 34-year-old ski instructor from Sun Valley, Idaho, by way of Kitzbühel, Austria, who in a lifetime of slamming down snowy mountains has won so many big and famous races that he can't begin to remember them all. But 10 days ago, on Buttermilk Mountain in Aspen, Colo., Christian Pravda won a very small race which he will always remember with affection. At the finish line a man stepped up and handed him \$1,500 in cash, which will buy a lot of Wiener Schnitzel whenever you happen to live.

This was the world's first professional ski race. For years amateur racers have been receiving cups and medals and glory, none of which digest very well; sometimes they receive a new pair of skis, too, or a \$100 bill slipped under the table, since amateurism among ski racers is neither more nor less pure than amateurism in other forms, only generally less profitable. But when amateur racing days are over, there are very few ways for these men to capitalize on the thing that they have spent a lifetime learning to do so spectacularly well. There is nothing to compare with the PGA golf tour or the Jack Kramer tennis troupe; there is no American or National League. Once in a great while a Toni Sailer or a Stein Eriksen cashes in upon amateur fame but not, even then, as a racer. Most famous ski racers can only go back to the farm or open a small ski shop or chalet somewhere, if someone will lend them the money, or they can go to work as a ski instructor for \$20-\$25 a day.

Now Aspen may have changed all that. In two flashing runs over a relatively easy downhill course, which

Pravda covered in a fraction over two minutes, he earned half a season's salary as an instructor. Anderl Molterer, an instructor at Aspen since the Squaw Valley Olympics, made \$600 for finishing second, and Toni Spiss, another Aspen instructor, received \$400 for running third. Like Pravda, both Molterer and Spiss are Austrians—but since the best ski racers in the world over the past decade have come from the Tyrol, the results were hardly unexpected. Few among the crowd of 2,000, a large gathering for such a race, were concerned with the national origins of the racers, anyway, only with how they skied, and in this no one was disappointed. It was a wonderful show.

The idea really belongs to no man, for professional ski racing has been discussed for 20 years, usually as if a trip to Mars were involved. The problems always concerned spectators. Who, in America, would pay money for the privilege of standing all day in the snow to watch a horde of indistinguishable Europeans go whistling past so fast that it left a crack in his neck? Since the apparently logical answer was no one, pro ski racing seemed to be dead before it was born.

### Breath of life

But Friedl Pfeifer (SI, Dec. 19, 1955, *et seq.*) deserves credit for putting on this specific race and, quite likely, breathing life into the sport after all. Pfeifer is an Austrian, too, and a man of vision. The first thing he did after leaving his native Tyrol was to open a ski school in Australia, of all places. Later he opened the first ski school at Sun Valley, and he saw the possibilities of Aspen when he blundered onto it one day while serving as a U.S. Army ski troop instructor during World War II. After the war he founded the Aspen Ski Corporation and the Aspen Ski School



BRANDISHING LOOT, Pravda celebrates the most meaningful victory of his life.

and, as much as any one man, made this ghostlike old mining town into one of the great winter resorts. Last winter he saw two things which made him believe that professional ski racing would pay off, too.

The first was the mass of humanity that flocked into Squaw Valley to watch the Olympic Winter Games, most of them Americans who proved suddenly not at all reluctant to climb halfway up a snowy mountain to watch someone else ski. The second was a very informal series of challenge races right in Aspen between Spiss and the glamorous Stein Eriksen, who runs the ski school at rival Aspen Highlands. Spiss, a onetime Austrian Olympian and later the Austrian Olympic coach, is small and dark,

*continued*



SKIERED ON BY CROWD OF 3,600 WHICH LINED THE DOWNHILL COURSE, PRAVDA FLASHES THROUGH GATE ON WAY TO VICTORY

#### SKIING continued

and he is an artist, a ballet dancer on skis; if anyone in the world has more style, that man is Erikson, who is blond and handsome and skis—well, like Toni Spiss. So the two got together, kind of for fun, and 1,000 spectators turned out. Later Molterer joined them for a couple of races—and 2,000 people turned out. It is rather uncertain who won; Spiss recalls having won one race and Erikson another and Molterer finished second a couple of times. The important thing was that spectators seemed to like the show. There was no unwieldy list of 100 competitors, as in most big international events, so it was unnecessary to watch dozens of relatively inept racers stagger past just for the opportunity of witnessing a few flashing moments of supreme skill. Here, in a matter of a few minutes, people could see some of the best racers in the world at their artistic best, and then go inside to discuss the events—and pay off bets—around a hot drink and a warm stove.

So this year Pfeifer decided to give it a fling. He put up \$300 in prize money, and Howard Head, the ski manufacturer, put up \$500 more; Pfeifer also promised the racers a generous cut of the gate, if anyone turned out at \$1 a ticket. He lined up Spiss and Molterer for the race; he talked Pravda, an old friend, into coming down from Sun Valley with no guarantee other than expenses, and he charged each of them a \$20 entry fee. Erikson planned to race, too, but at the last minute he had to back out in order to perform his spectacular Sunday somersault at Aspen Highlands.

Buttermilk is not a big mountain, but Pfeifer and his partner Fred Iselin managed to lay out a mile-long course with a couple of screeching turns and one jump guaranteed to make any racer's teeth chatter like castanets.

"We don't want to kill anyone," said Pfeifer. "Later we can hold the races over some really tough courses. Right now we just want to put on an interesting race and give the fans a show."

It was a beautiful sunny day; the spectators climbed to one of half a dozen easy vantage points, pulled off their parkas, put on dark glasses and watched the racers sail by like the wind, in a swirl of snow. Molterer led the 12 racers through the first run, with Spiss second. But on the second run, Pravda outskied both pre-race favorites and took the first-place money back to Sun Valley.

#### A schussing success

The whole affair was such a success that Pfeifer has formed what he calls "a nonprofit organization," the International Professional Ski Racers Association, and signed up some of the top men to put on other races this year. Molterer and Spiss are now under contract; Pravda will probably join, too. Erikson is still determined to race, somersault or no somersault. Ernie McCullough from Tremblant is interested and Othmar Schneider from Stowe. Toni Salzer is coming to America later this spring, and Pfeifer is sure that the hero of Cortina will want to get in on the fun, now that money is being passed out. Two more races are already scheduled for the Aspen area; and Pfeifer has been contacted by a group from California's

Sugar Bowl. At Georgian Peaks in Ontario, there is a \$3,500 giant slalom set for February 26.

"The purpose of the organization is to protect the racers," he says. "Fred and I will go to an area, bring the racers, set the course, sell the tickets, do everything. All we want are prize money guarantees and a percentage of the gate."

Pfeifer will be happy, this year, if the IPSRA breaks even—but, for the future, he has big plans.

"After the FIS next year—the world championships at Chamonix—we should get a number of the world's best amateur skiers who are ready to turn pro," he said. "Roger Staub of Switzerland, the Olympic giant slalom champion, for example. Some of the Austrian boys like Karl Schranz. Maybe America's Buddy Werner; think what a gate attraction he will be. And someday we'll have a stable of the 10 best ski racers in the world. They'll be paid an annual guarantee, plus whatever prize money they can win, and they'll compete a dozen, 20 times a season for big purses. At the end of each year, we'll have a world professional championship."

"Someday," he concluded, with a dream in his eye, "we'll put on a race outside Vienna, with 100,000 people watching. They're crazy over there."

"It's a wonderful thing," said Spiss in his husky voice. "Now no racer needs to be a hypocrite any more. He doesn't have to race for money under the table or for some ski manufacturer. He can race right out in the open for dollars, and I'm glad."

"I think this is a very good idea, too," said Pravda. "Only let's have some more races quick, before I'm too old."

END



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# THE DOGGIEST DOGS

According to those who understand such subtleties, the curl on the tail of Champion Crown Crest Mr. Universe is precisely right. Next week this curious fact may well bring Mr. U.—the shaggy but stately Afghan hound on the page opposite—one of the most distinguished awards a dog can win—his acknowledgment as best of the more than 2,500 entries in The Westminster Kennel Club show at New York's Madison Square Garden.

Even one so perfectly concluded as Mr. U., however, cannot be considered a shoo-in.

Competing for attention, for instance, will be the great soft mournful head of another leading contender—the basset hound bitch, Ch. The Ring's Banshee (above). Her sad face, they say, is so nearly perfect that only a judge from Afghanistan could pass it by.

Far from being able to boast only one superior feature, the animated white poodle puff at the right, whose full name is Ch. Estid Ballet Dancer, is thought by many to be the embodiment of perfection in almost every

*continued*



**BASSET HOUND**

*Despite her fanciful name and face, Ch. The Ring's Banshee feels no gay—in a melancholy way.*





#### AFGHAN HOUND

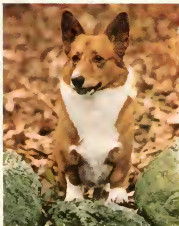
*Ch. Crown Crest Mr. Universe drools happily over his owner, is haughtily blasé with most humans.*

#### MINIATURE POODLE

*Glamorous as the late Jean Harlow, ethereal Ch. Esprit Ballet Danzer suits tripe for complexion.*

#### SCOTTISH TERRIER

*English champion Walsing Wild Winter of Barberry Knave loves cats, hates dogs, likes to play.*



#### WELSH CORGI

*Ch. Willets Red Jacket looks rather like a saved-off fox but has a gregarious, puppyish personality.*





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## DOGGIEST DOGS *continued*

detail. Her trouble is that, suddenly, miniature poodles are no longer fashionable. There is talk, in fact, that they are definitely out this year and, if so, that would finish the Dancer.

On the other hand, the sturdy and alert Scottish terrier who faces her here may suddenly find himself the dog of the hour. A dark-dog champion from Britain, Walsing Wild Winter of Barberry Knowe, may become the first Scottie in a decade to win the top prize.

Corgis and West Highland white terriers are certainly not in breeds as of now, but the pert and foxy little Ch. Willets Red Jacket (*preceding page*) and the wistful Westie Ch. Symmetra Snip (*below*) may put them in simply by winning at the Garden. Ch. Bettina's Kow-Kow (*below right*), who is not nearly so grumpy as he looks, and the cavalier-curved Ch. Pinetop's Fancy Parade (*right*) must face the fact that Pekingese and cockers are unfashionably all too common. But who knows? A Peke made top dog last year, a Peke may make it again. **END**



### COCKER SPANIEL

*Proud and perky Ch. Pinetop's Fancy Parade holds record 28 best-in-show awards for cocker breed.*



### WEST HIGHLAND WHITE

*No combs are used on Ch. Symmetra Snip, whose thick, scruffy coat is kept neat and trim by plucking.*



### PEKINGESE

*Dry-cleaned daily, the fastidious Ch. Bettina's Kow-Kow has never experienced the thrill of a hot bath.*



Meet the Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay—imaginary island in the Sun

## On safari with father Pepperell is a rather fearsome thing!

As you can see from the photograph, there's some reason for the concern of Susan and Vincent. The way Father's holding that arrow, it's obvious he's never done this before!

Mother seems pretty calm though. Perhaps she's musing thusly: "As a civilized beachcomber, I find it's de rigueur to have our sports clothes tagged Pepperell. Because this means wash-wear fabrics that really live up to what the tag promises."



"I know they'll machine-wash. Won't shrink, fade, wrinkle, or sag. Need the merest touch of the iron. And, for good measure, are 'Sanforized Plus' too!"

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"Moreover, the Pepperell name is synonymous with quality, you know, because this famed New England company has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for over 100 years."

## Candidates for a better day

Not all the names on the pro tour are well known. Here are a few players who have looked good so far, and who should look better in the months to come

The 15th hole at the Tamarisk Country Club in southern California is unexceptional as golf holes go, or so it must have seemed to Ken Venturi before he arrived there Sunday with a one-stroke lead in the \$50,000 Palm Springs Classic. But Venturi sliced his first drive out of bounds, teed up again and hooked his second drive out of bounds and wound up with a 4 over par 8. Billy Maxwell, a chunky, sandy-haired Texan playing in the same threesome, took over the lead and played the next three holes as deliberately as an old codger settling himself in his favorite easy chair. He sank his final putt on the 18th, and dollar signs flashed across his mind. He had just won \$5,300, the biggest haul of his life.

Three days earlier, tall, skinny Don January, who had been a golfing teammate of Maxwell's at North Texas State College during the early 1950s, hit an eight-iron off the 15th at Indian Wells, one of the five golf courses on which the Palm Springs Classic is played, and won \$50,000

for a hole in one just as Joe Campbell did the year before.

Those 90 to 100 migratory workers who follow the winter golfing trail from Los Angeles through the South have now been at each other for five consecutive weeks. As always, it is fascinating at this stage to try to handicap some of the newer faces who may soon join the front ranks.

One such, although at the age of 37 he can hardly be rated a neophyte, is Charlie Sifford. When he won the Long Beach Open in 1957 he was the first Negro ever to do so in a PGA event. A roly-poly fellow in a peaked golf cap, Sifford trudges along the fairways with a burned-out cigar stub in his mouth, for all the world as if he were playing just for kicks with his friends. Yet last year he won nearly \$14,000, almost \$9,000 of it on the PGA tour.

And there's the rub for Sifford. Once the tour leaves Arizona and pushes into the South, he has to leave it, and he can't rejoin the pros until they get back above the color line.

Since he is no crusader of the Jackie Robinson stripe, Sifford has suffered more than eight years of semisegregation without blowing his top.

It is probably too late in his career for Sifford to expect to challenge the top golfers on the circuit, but this year he has done exceptionally well in the four tournaments he has entered. He turned in some fine early rounds at San Diego and San Francisco, and if the burden he has to carry is not too heavy he might very well win one of the big ones.

On a considerably more youthful level are a couple of 23-year-old string beans named Al Geiberger and Dave Hill. Each is beginning his second full year on the tour, and either is capable of running off with any of the tournaments along the circuit. Sunday, Geiberger tied for 16th with the tour's most consistent player so far, Gary Player, and long-hitting George Bayer, while Hill finished in a tie with Sifford and several others for 19th.

Geiberger is a tall blond who played on the USC golf team that won 57 consecutive victories. There is no outstanding feature of his game, unless it is his ability to play all the shots well from tee to green. "My main trouble when I joined the tour," he will tell

*unhoused*



DAVE WARD joined tour last year, won Sam Snead Festival.



CHARLIE SIFFORD is first Negro to win a PGA tournament.



DAVE HILL, a Michigan pro, is good golfer but still erratic.



AL GEIBERGER played on USC team, has a sound game.

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## GOLF

you, "was that I'd played too much golf in good weather—no rain, no wind. The other thing I had to learn was how to play when you're ahead. You can't coast the way you could as an amateur."

Hill, a native of Jackson, Mich., is as exuberant as Gelberger is serious. After the first three rounds of the Crosby he was in second place with a 67 and a pair of 70s. On the last day he blew to an awful 85. Hill is inclined to think that most of his trouble belongs to his putter. If Hill's putter ever sank the number of shots he thinks it should, he would break every golfing record there is. But his wonderful enthusiasm makes him a refreshing addition to the tour.

A golfer who seems just on the verge of joining the front rank is Dave Marr, a 27-year-old Texan of slight proportions who reminds you a little bit of the young Ben Hogan in the way he moves on a golf course. Like so many fine playing pros, Marr's career began as an assistant to Claude Harmon at Winged Foot. He joined the tour full time last year and won his first tournament at the Sam Snead Festival in Greenbrier, when he had an awesome four-day score of three 6's and a 64. Marr has not started well this year, having won less than \$700. But he is bound to do better.

Naturally, you couldn't think about the 1961 pro tour without first genuflecting to the enormous presence of Arnold Palmer. The crowds adore him. In fact, the general public is beginning to be a problem for Palmer. At the Crosby, where there were not enough experienced marshals to handle the unexpected mobs that followed him, there were moments when you felt Palmer's gallery was unwittingly costing him two or three strokes a round, maybe even more.

Palmer would be the last to make such a claim, particularly since he has been playing well. He won the San Diego Open with one of his patented stretch runs of birdies on the final round, and he finished respectably with a tie for fourth at the Crosby and a third at Palm Springs. His earnings of \$8,390 have put him sixth on the list of money winners for 1961. But more important, there isn't a golfer around who feels safe with Palmer nipping at his heels. **END**

# WHY ISN'T THIS SPARK PLUG CHROME PLATED



?

Almost everyone agrees, Autolite doesn't make the prettiest spark plugs in town. The new shiny kind are much more attractive. Obviously, there is a reason why these plugs are blue. The color itself doesn't make any difference. But it does tell you a lot about the way the spark plug is made. Example: The way the shell is sealed to the insulator. This seal guards against loss of compression, sluggish performance, poor fuel economy. In building its blue plugs, Autolite seals the shell to the insulator under tremendous heat and

pressure. No plated shell could stand this treatment; it would crack, peel, discolor. Plated spark plugs are usually caulked with powder and the shell crimped to the insulator. Is this difference in sealing methods really this important? It is if you are an economy nut, or a performance nut, or just a guy who doesn't take chances on anything he buys for his car. Next time you need a new set of plugs,



## AUTOLITE

remember two things. For top performance and economy, the color is blue, the name is Autolite. Toledo 1, Ohio.



*Yogi Berri (front row right) was still known as Lawrence when he posed with the Berri family for this album study.*

# THE YOGI'S YEARS ON THE HILL

*The Hill is in St. Louis, where Yogi Berra discovered his dedication to baseball—even though, as he says, "I got in more trouble playing ball than most guys do on account of girls"*

by YOGI BERRA and ED FITZGERALD

Where I came from in St. Louis is called the Hill, and it's strictly an Italian neighborhood. My family lived on Columbus Avenue when I was born, but I was only five when they moved to 5447 Elizabeth Avenue where I grew up. The Garapiolas lived right across the street at No. 5446. Papa John Garapiola worked with my father at the Laclede-Christy Clay Products Company, and Joey Garapiola was my best friend. I don't know what you would say the odds were that the two of us kids living on the same block on the Hill would grow up to be major league ballplayers—maybe 10 million to one—but for a while Joe Garapiola and I were two of the 16 regular catchers in the big leagues.

The Hill isn't any kind of a slum. It's a poor but very respectable and very neat neighborhood where all the people own their own homes, which are handed down from father to son, from generation to generation. The houses are really taken care of. They're painted within an inch of their lives, and the lawns are like putting greens. They all have front porches, and most of them have a little fancy cement work somewhere on the front. Most of the houses are pretty narrow, maybe not more than 15 feet wide, but they all have enough ground around them for a little vegetable and flower garden in the back. You know the Hill is Italian, and not just because of the

places like John Volpe & Co., Home of Splendor Brand Italian Salami, or Mama Foscano's Home Style Italian Ravioli or Cassina's, All the Spaghetti You Can Eat (with 3 meatballs) \$1. When you see the stained glass windows on the front doors and the statues of the Virgin Mary and other religious shrines in the yards, you know it's an Italian neighborhood.

My mother, Paulina, and my father, Pietro, met when they were still in the old country, in Malvaglio, which is a little town in the north of Italy, near Milan. Papa was still single when he left home to come here. He figured it would be better to save a little money before he sent for Paulina. He worked in California and Colorado before he settled down in Missouri. First he was a farm hand, then a construction gang laborer and finally a bricklayer on the St. Louis Arena job. Whenever I took the old man to the Arena, later on, to see a fight or a hockey game, he always reminded me that he helped build the place. After he finished up at the Arena, Papa got the job at Laclede-Christy and sent for

Mama. And that is how St. Louis ended up with all the Berras.

I must have been about 10 or 11 when I began to play ball. All the kids around my age who lived on Elizabeth Avenue made up a sports club we called the Stags A.C. We played in the street, in the Shaw School Yard, which was only two blocks away, and in Sublette Park, which was maybe half a mile away. We even built ourselves the equivalent of a 1936 Little League park at the Clay Mine, a neighborhood garbage dump. It's all been filled in and now has a street on it that's called Berra's Court that my brother Mike lives on. All of us Stags got out there on the dump one day and worked like crazy setting up the ball field. We even dragged two wrecked cars up along the foul lines for dugouts.

My father never liked my playing ball. He always got mad if I came home dirty, and he would smack me if my pants were torn. I used to worry about it when I was sliding. I wanted to get into the bag, but I didn't want to rip my pants, because I knew what would happen to

continued

© 1981 by Innocence F. Berra and Edward E. Fitzgerald

me if I did. Pop always blamed the trouble I had with my school work on my ballplaying. He felt that I spent too much time playing. It was football and soccer in the fall and winter and baseball in the spring and summer. But I loved every sport there was.

A lady who lived on the other side of the street, the same side of the street as the Garagiolis, took me to see my first big-league baseball game. Her name was Miss Beltrami, and she sponsored us in the Cardinals' Knothole Gang, which required an adult to accompany each gang of kids. When we were 12 all of us kids got our first chance to play serious baseball in an organized league. We entered the Stags in a boys' league run by the YMCA. I'll bet Joe Casano, the Y secretary, was sorry he let us in when he saw us go out on the field. We were the only club that didn't have uniforms. All the other teams were able to get some merchant to sponsor them, which meant he put up the money for their uniforms in exchange for the privilege of having the name of the store on the back. We must have tried every store on the Hill, but nobody was interested. Like all the other grownups in the neighborhood, the Italian storekeepers looked down on baseball as a bum's game. They considered soccer a real sport, and for our soccer team we were able to talk the Southwest Drug Store into buying T-shirts with "Stags" written on the front. But our ball club had to wear overalls and old pants. Hardly any of us even had gloves. We used to borrow the other kids' mitts when they were up.

The year the Stags played in the YMCA league, the Edmonds, a team sponsored by a restaurant, won the title. The Stags finished second. We used to wear ourselves out trying to beat the Edmonds because they had uniforms and we didn't, but the truth is they also had a pretty good ball club. And the next year, when they asked Joey Garagiolis and me to play with them, we were glad to. The Edmonds were going into the Recreation Intermediate League, where you had to have a sponsor to play, so that let the Stags out as a team. It was every man

for himself, and all the Stags wound up with different teams in the Intermediate League.

I got my first uniform from the Edmonds. Joey was the regular catcher and also played first base part of the time. I played third and second and sometimes even pitched. We were lucky, because the Edmonds won the championship, and the restaurant threw a big dinner for us.

Those were the days! All we did was play. We practiced football tackling on the only strip of grass we had on Elizabeth Avenue, the narrow strip the city planted between the sidewalk and the curb. We got some of our worst broken heads there. Mostly, though, we played our games in the street—baseball, roller hockey, with rolled-up newspaper on our legs for shin guards, and even football. We sure got a lot of use out of that street.

When we weren't playing ball we used to hang out in Riva's Candy Store. They had a pinball machine that cost a nickel to play, and we used to insert nickels in it whenever we had any, because the payoff might be anywhere from a quarter to a couple of dollars. But we had to look out for the owner's son, who had a bad habit of bumping into the machine and tilting it when it looked like we were going to win. The other place where we used to hang out was the Stags' clubhouse. It was in an empty garage and cost us \$12 a month rent. We kept it up by paying dues of 10¢ a month and running little profit-making enterprises. We bought packs of Twenty Grand for a dime and sold the 20 cigarettes for a penny apiece. We sold boxes of nickel candy bars that we bought wholesale for about 3¢ apiece.

At night, when the weather was nice, we would find a place where we could build a bonfire and roast potatoes and sit around and play name games like Ballplayer or Movie Star. Maybe we would send four or five guys into the bakery to buy a dime's worth of stale buns, and while one guy was buying them, the others would steal everything they could get their hands on.

The big institution on the Hill was St. Ambrose's Church, and we could count on catching it from the old man if we

forgot to go to confession on Saturday afternoon on our way to take a shower at the Y. So we didn't dare do anything too bad during the week because we knew we'd have to tell the priest about it on Saturday. On Sunday morning everybody in our neighborhood went to church. We went unless we were flat on our back with a fever of 110°. It didn't pay to fake. If you were too sick to go to Mass in the morning, you were too sick to go out and play ball in the afternoon. Mom went first, to 5 o'clock Mass, and on the way home she bought a bagful of bread and doughnuts. We didn't know what eggs were; it was always milk and doughnuts or bread and coffee. We ate a lot of bread in our family. There were



*Basefoot Yogi was right-handed batter.*

seven of us, and Mom bought six loaves of bread every day of the week.

Sunday dinner was the big feast of the week. First we had a sort of antipasto, a big plate full of sliced luncheon meats like ham, salami and boloney. We would eat that with a few slices of bread, to warm up. After the antipasto we had the risotto, yellow rice, white rice colored with saffron, and maybe mixed with some pieces of meat or fish, which we ate separately. There was always a big bowl of salad on the table—lettuce, to-



matatoes, cucumbers, chopped-up scalloons, radishes and sometimes escarole or chesery, all mixed with oil and vinegar. Pop liked to put red wine in it too. He made the wine himself down in the cellar. After the risotto and the salad, we moved to serious eating. Mom always had two main courses, generally chicken and either beef or lamb, and some Sundays she put out a great big platter of ravioli, too. With the meat we always had a couple of bowls of vegetables, maybe string beans or beets or carrots or lima beans. Mom could really make ravioli. Right up to the year the Browns left St. Louis I used to bring some of the ballplayers out to the house for it, and you never saw food disappear until you

used to put on boxing shows there. The fellow who ran them, Frank Maranas, was an old fighter who thought I might be able to handle myself in the ring. He got me to go down and work out a few times. Then he put me on the card against one of the other St. Louis boxing clubs, and I won. After that, I was a regular. Before the club folded I had nine fights and won eight of them and only lost one by a decision. I fought that kid later and beat him. I enjoyed it. I liked going down to the clubhouse to train, working out, taking a good shower and all that. We used to get \$5 or \$10 a fight, depending on how many people paid their way in, and I always gave the money to Mom.

I was never able to see any sense in my

good-natured teachers figured out a way for me to graduate from the eighth grade. We had a big session at the house one night. Mom and Pop asked the principal and the priest to come and help them make up their minds what to do. In the end, they all agreed that I would be just as well off working for a living and maybe getting somewhere.

The first job I got was in a coalyard where they made what they called shell-block coal, which was coal dust machine-pressed into blocks. All the houses on the Hill were heated by coal stoves, and these blocks were easy for the women to handle. My job was to wrap them up as they were made. I didn't mind working, but I hated to be dirty all the time. There was something else, too. It was all right working in the morning or even at night, but in the afternoon I wanted to be out on the ball field with the other guys. Garagiola, for instance, was going to high school, and by 3:30 every afternoon he was out playing ball. When I left the house in the morning I would wrap up my mitt in a newspaper, along with the hero sandwich my mother made me for lunch, and if it was a decent day, I would vanish from the coalyard at 3 o'clock. They finally decided they could get along without me all day.

I had all kinds of jobs, but I lost all of them the same way I lost the job at the coalyard. I had a pretty good job as a helper on a Pepsi-Cola truck, and I lost that one, too, because I ran away to play ball too often. At the coalyard and on the Pepsi truck I used to make \$25 or \$27 a week, and Mom used to give me back \$2. It was enough for me. I didn't need much money. With \$2 I felt rich.

Maybe if I had gone out with girls, I would have been hurting more for money, but I never did. The truth is, I was afraid of them. If I saw a girl I knew from school walking down the street, I would walk over to the other side just so I wouldn't have to talk to her. I was a case. I was so bashful. All I was interested in was playing ball. But I got in more trouble on account of ball than most guys ever do on account of girls.

Finally Pop blew his top, and even Mom was sore at me. We had another

continued



Joe Garagiola (left front) and Yogi (middle row, third from left) starred with the Stags.

saw McDougald and Rizzuto and Ford and Carey and me going at that ravioli.

Money was something you had to think about all the time. My brothers Tony and Mike used to sell the *Post-Dispatch* and the *Globe-Democrat* on one of the downtown corners, and that was good for a couple of dollars a week. But Mom got that, and it was that way with all the kids. It must have been when I was about 13 that I became an amateur fighter for money. There was an Italian-American club on the Hill, and they

going to school. The harder the arithmetic problems got, the harder it was for me to see why knowing this stuff was ever going to do me any good. So I spent most of my time when I was in school looking out the window, and I played hooky as often as I dared. I guess I drove the teachers crazy. Whenever anybody asked me, "How do you like school?" I used to say, "Closed."

For years I worked on Mom and Pop to let me quit and go to work. But I didn't make it until I was 14. Then some

big meeting at the house to discuss what was going to become of me. Father Koester from St. Ambrose's was there and Joe from the South Side Y and my brothers Tony and Mike. I didn't say much of anything. Father Koester explained to me that baseball was a fine thing in moderation but that I was going beyond all reason, and no wonder my good father and mother were afraid I was going to turn into a bad boy.

I thought Joe Casuso, who had always been good to us kids on the Stags, would see my side of it, so I made my pitch to him. "You always told us that the thing a man is most interested in is what he ought to spend his life at," I told him. "I remember you said if you like something so much you eat and sleep and think it, then that's what you ought to do."

"That's the whole point," Joe said. "All we're trying to say is that you've got to make up your mind to something, pick out whatever it's going to be and work at it. What's it going to be?"

"Baseball," I said. "Baseball is what I want."

In the face of that they gave in. They said I could have a chance to make good playing baseball and see what came of it. I could do my bit for the family by selling the *Post-Dispatch* and the *Globe-Democrat* at street corners at night and maybe picking up odd jobs here and there. If I couldn't get anywhere in baseball in a reasonable time, I would have to give up and try something else. It seemed like a fair deal to me.

The best thing that happened to me when I was a kid was being asked by Leo Browne, the commander of the Stockham Post, to play on their ball team in the American Legion tournament when I was 14. It caused me a lot of trouble at the time, but it was all for the good. I couldn't have asked for a better team to play with than the Stockham Post, and after the family gave in I could give all my attention to baseball. The manager, Jack McGuire, was a scout for the Cardinals. He had a boy on the team, Jack Jr., who later played shortstop for the Giants for a little while. Young Jack was the one who hung the name Yogi on me.

I was always called Lawdie by my family as a sort of endearment for Lawrence until one day the team went to the movies and saw a short subject that was a travelogue about India. One of the people in it was a Hindu fakir who was called a yogi.

The yogi was sitting with his arms folded and his knees crossed, looking very sad. Jack thought he looked just like I used to look, sitting down after a ball game or killing time outside Riva's at night. "You know," he said, when we walked out of the movie house, "you look just like a yogi. I'm going to call you Yogi."



Yogi's first break came when, at 14, he was asked to play on American Legion team.

Playing for a team like the Stockham Post, both Joey and I were practically guaranteed a tryout at Sportsman's Park, if not with the Cardinals, who were the big team in town, then at least with the Browns.

When we went to the semifinals of the national American Legion tournament two years in a row it didn't hurt our chances any. Once we lost to Berwyn, Ill. and the next year to the Sunsets

of California, who had Nippy Jones and Gene Mauch. Doing so well in the nationals meant that we got a lot of publicity in the St. Louis papers, and, of course, Mr. McGuire was a Cardinal scout. So the two ball clubs knew Joey and I were around, all right. But they didn't show any interest in either of us.

The thing that broke the ice for Joey Garagiola and me was that the WPA put on a baseball school one month at Sherman Park, and we signed up for it. Different players from the Cardinals and the Browns came around to help coach us. I remember Terry Moore and Enos Slaughter used to show up a lot, and at least one scout, Dee Walsh from the Cardinals, used to watch almost all the games.

After the school was over, Dee made a big pitch to Branch Rickey, who was the general manager of the Cardinals then, to sign Joey, and Mr. McGuire spoke for me. Mr. Rickey said O.K. to giving Joey a \$500 bonus to sign a contract, but he didn't seem to be very interested in me. All he was willing to do was to give me a contract but no money for signing. I wouldn't go for that.

Mr. Rickey finally said he would give me \$250. Much as I hated to turn down the chance, I said, "No, I want the same as Joey's getting."

I wasn't jealous of Joey. He was my friend, but I thought I was as good a ballplayer as he was, and I couldn't understand why, if he was worth \$500, I wasn't. Neither could Mr. McGuire. He tried hard to convince Rickey that he ought to give me what I was asking for, but Mr. Rickey said no. He said, "The boy is too clumsy and too slow. He'll never make anything more than a Triple-A ballplayer at best, and I'm looking for a boy who can go all the way."

The Browns, too, were unimpressed. Mr. McGuire tried to get one of the Browns' scouts to sign me up. But it was the same old story. They would give me a job with one of their farm clubs, but they wouldn't pay me any money to sign. I couldn't understand it. It really hurt. Ever since I had been a little kid I had been used to having the other guys

laugh at me because of my looks and poke fun at me because I was so clumsy, but I had always been as good a ball-player as any of them and better than most, so I never minded. Now I didn't even have that. Nobody even wanted me for a ballplayer. I was so discouraged I figured I had better go back to work, so my brother Mike got me a job at his place, Johansen's Shoe Company.

I played ball around town, nights and weekends, picking up \$5 here and \$10 there. I was hitting the ball pretty good, but I was discouraged. I didn't know that Leo Browne had written George Weiss of the Yankees a letter telling him about me. "All the kid wants," he said, "is \$500 to sign. Whatever you want to give him a month, he'll take it."

The Yankees played the Cardinals in the World Series that October and lost. When it was all over and everybody was going home Weiss asked Johnny Schulte, their bullpen coach, to look me up and, after he checked into what I could do, to sign me up if it didn't cost too much.

Schulte, who lived in St. Louis, came to the house. He said he had never seen me play, but he had talked to a lot of people about me, and he was willing to offer me \$500 to sign and \$50 a month to play with Norfolk, Va., in the Piedmont League.

I said fine, it's a deal. I stayed on the job at the shoe factory until it was time to report to the training camp at Excelsior Springs, Mo. Just before I left for camp I got a telegram from Branch Rickey, who had quit the Cardinals and gone to Brooklyn to take over as general manager of the Dodgers. He said I should come east to Bear Mountain, N.Y., where the Dodgers were going to train, and sign a bonus contract. He didn't say how much of a bonus, and I never found out, because there wasn't anything I could do about it. I already belonged to the Yankees.

Money was a serious problem to me during my time in Norfolk. With the taxes taken out, my take-home pay amounted to \$35 every two weeks. Nobody in Norfolk ever said anything to me about my \$500. I knew Pop was wondering about it, so after I had been

there a while I asked Jim Dawson, the general manager, about it. He told me I wasn't supposed to get the \$500 bonus unless I lasted the year out with the club. That wasn't the way I had understood it from Schulte, and I said so, but it didn't do me any good.

I could have made more than twice as much as I was making shining shoes at the bus terminal. I would go broke regularly, and every time I did I would write home to Mom and ask her to send me a little money so I could eat. She would send me a money order at once for \$10

just before game time. I told Shaky Kain, our manager, that I wasn't going to play unless he got me something to eat. Shaky dug into his own pocket and handed me a couple of dollars and told me to go out and fill up. I ran out and ate three or four hamburgers and drank two bottles of Coke, and I think I got a couple of hits that night.

On Sundays I got back my strength after starving all week. There was a lady who came to the ball game every Sunday who always brought me a real old-fashioned Italian hero sandwich, a whole



Here shown with his wife Carmen and his three sons, Dale, Timmy and Lawrence, Yogi lived in an mansion in New Jersey, drove a Cadillac with license number YB 1 as sign of eminence.

or \$15, and she would always write and warn me, in Italian, "Don't let your father know that you're hungry, or he will make you come home."

I certainly wasn't broke because I was being a spendthrift. I lived in a boarding house. It cost me \$7 a week to share a room with Bill Sakey, one of our pitchers, and we hardly ever ate anywhere except in drive-ins or dog wagons. Once I got so hungry I went on a hunger strike

loaf of bread filled with luncheon meat and cheese. It was after I polished off one of those sandwiches that I started my two-day streak against Runnoko. I got six hits in each of the two days, including three homers, two triples and a double. Twenty-three runs batted in in two games made me feel good. I figured I had a pretty good chance of hanging on long enough to collect my \$500.

At the end of the year I got it, of course.

course, but I can truthfully say that I made up my mind to see to it that I got everything that was coming to me from then on. I caught 111 games for the Norfolk Tars that season, hit .253 and batted in 56 runs. I would have liked to have hit more, but outside of that and being hungry half the time, I had no complaints. I would have been happy enough to have stayed there another year, but the Army took care of that by sending me a draft notice on May 12, 1943, my 18th birthday. When I first got the notice from the St. Louis draft board I wrote and asked them to send the papers on to Norfolk. That delayed things long enough for me to be able to finish out the season.

**M**y Navy career started with boot training at Bainbridge Naval Base in Maryland and ended in the New London, Conn. Submarine Base. In between I volunteered to serve in a new kind of ship, the LCSS Rocket Launcher, and took part in the invasion on D-day; and then in another rocket launcher—the first one capsized during the third day off Omaha Beach—at Marseilles on Yellow Beach during the invasion of southern France. After Naples and Bizerte I wound up in the submarine base in early 1945. The reason I was assigned there was that I had put down sports and recreation as the type of duty I preferred and included my boxing experience in St. Louis. I was a maintenance man in the base movie theater and was supposed to be a sort of bouncer in case anybody got out of line.

The submarine base had a good ball club, and I kept asking the personnel officer about it. Finally he sent me to Lieut. Jimmy Gleeson, the Cincinnati Reds and Chicago Cubs outfielder, who was the manager.

"What do you do?" Gleeson asked me. He seemed pretty doubtful.

In my opinion, those sailor suits don't add anything to anybody's appearance.

"I'm a ballplayer," I told him. "I belong to the Yankees. I played a year for Norfolk before I came in."

He didn't say he thought I was lying, but it was obvious that he didn't believe

me. "You look more like a wrestler," he said. He looked at a piece of paper on his desk. "It says here you're a boxer."

I explained that I had done some fighting back home, but it was strictly amateur stuff. "I'm really a ballplayer," I said. "I'm a pretty good hitter."

"What did you hit at Norfolk?"

"I only hit .253," I told him, "but I

#### ABOUT THE BOOK

*Yogi, an autobiography written by Yogi Berra and Ed Fitzgerald (former editor of Sport), was published last week by Doubleday and Co. (\$3.95).*

batted in 56 runs. I'd like a chance to show you."

The lieutenant sent for his assistant, Ray Volpe, a pitcher from the Kansas City Blues. He had been in the Yankee farm system ever since he got out of Manhattan College. The two of them asked me a lot of questions about different clubs and managers and ballplayers, and they even asked me some stuff about the cities in the Piedmont League. They must have decided I was telling the truth, because they told me to report a little while later along with the rest of the guys when they put out the first call for baseball practice.

We played a full schedule against good opposition, including fast semipro clubs as well as service teams. The most fun we had was playing exhibitions against major league ball clubs. I got three or four off Ace Adams of the Giants, and Mel Ott, the Giants' manager, talked to Gleeson about me. Jim said he seemed disappointed when he found out I belonged to the Yankees. The way it came out in the stories later on, Ott went right to his boss, Horace Stoneham, who owns the Giants. He told Stoneham he would like to see if they could buy me from the Yankees. "He only played one year for them at Norfolk," Mel said to Stoneham, "and the chances are they don't know much about him and care less. He isn't much to look at, and he looks like he's doing everything wrong, but he can hit. He got a couple of hits off us on wild pitches."

According to what I've been told since, Ott went to see Larry MacPhail, the new president of the Yankees. He offered MacPhail \$50,000 for me. MacPhail didn't know me from Adam, and it must have surprised him that anybody thought an unknown kid who had only played one year in the Piedmont League was worth that kind of money. It made him wonder if a kid catcher who was worth \$50,000 to the Giants might not be worth even more to the Yankees.

He sent for Paul Krichell, the scout, and asked him what he knew about me. Krichell, who always knew the score on every ballplayer in the organization, told him, and MacPhail said, "Write him a letter and tell him to come on down and see me the first chance he gets. I want to take a look at him."

I was tickled to death when I got the invitation. MacPhail was very nice to me. Later on, the sportswriters told a lot of funny stories about the things MacPhail is supposed to have said about me when he first saw me, the idea being that he could have shot himself for not having taken the Giants' \$50,000.

But he didn't make any wisecracks to me. He just asked me to sit down and tell him all about myself, which I did. Then he told me they were going to give me a chance with Newark as soon as I got out of service. I thanked him and told him how I appreciated the chance.

When I finally got sprung from the Navy on May 6, 1946 I caught up with the Newark ball club at Rochester. I had a pretty good year. I got in 77 games and hit .314, with 15 home runs and 59 runs batted in. After we were eliminated from the International League playoffs, the Yankees brought up Bobby Brown and Vic Raschi and me for the last week of the season. Bobby had had a great year. He hit .341 and was second to Jackie Robinson for the International League batting championship. We were all happy at getting the chance, and we did all right during that last week with the Yankees. I caught seven games and hit .364, with a couple of home runs. Bobby hit .333, and Vic Raschi pitched two games and won both of them. We couldn't wait for next year.

END

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information  
of the week

**BASKETBALL**—Harris County voters in Texas, in the largest turn-out for a bond issue in county history, voted \$12 million to build the county's first domed, air-conditioned stadium in Houston. Bidding began 48 hours later. Houston holds a National League franchise in 1992.

**BASKETBALL**—The BOSTON CELTICS, with double victories over New York and St. Louis, returned to 6-0 in the Philadelphia Warriors by 3½ games in the Eastern Division of the NBA. They held it despite four straight Philadelphia victories led by high-scoring Walt Chamberlain, who averaged over 44 points for the Warriors. In the Western Division the St. Louis Braves stiffened at the head of their division, 19 games in front of Detroit.

In the NHL, Cleveland, even with two successive home losses, to Alaska and Denver, continued to lead the Eastern Division by 4½ games. Detroit, with six straight wins on the road, led the Western Division by 3½ games.

**BOATING**—PAPER TIGER, Jack Powell's 46-foot yawl out of St. Petersburg, Fla., was the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit's fifth 252.5 points, after first taking the 194-mile Miami to Nassau race as a record race, and placing 10th to A.W. Ramsey's Co. Va. in the 90-mile Nantux Cup race. Second in the 800-mile championship was the 48-foot cutter Fast, captained by Ben Muehlebach and Ed Leones of the 30-mile Nantux Cup race. The NEW YORK YACHT CLUB announced the next America's Cup match will start on September 15, 1982 in Newport, R.I. The U.S. will defend the cup against an Australian 12-meter now being built in Sydney.

**BOXING**—JOEY ARCHER, unbeaten middleweight, won his 10th victory with a 10-round split decision over Patrice, younger brother of Middleweight Champion Gene Palmer, in bout at Madison Square Garden.

FAHRI OKTEK, a commando from the opening ball, won a 10-round decision over Cuso Andino in bout in Los Angeles.

**DOG SHOW**—CHAMPION HARRAN-BEN OF ISRAEL, a platinum-fawn Afghan hound with a black nose, was bred and handled by Dr. William Moore of St. Louis, Mo., was judged best in show. The 650 entries at the Maryland State Club Show in Baltimore.

**GOLF**—BILLY MAXWELL, of Dallas, shooting a 6 under par on the final 18, won the \$50,000 Palm Springs Country Club 90-hole total of 145 (last year 87). Runner-up: Doug Sanders, with one day's better win, however, was DION JANARY of Dallas, making the \$10,000 bonus offered for a hole in one January get it on the 44-yard par-1 11th hole (see page 10). Maxwell was 45, 500 for 1981.

BARBARA WILLIAMS of Redwood, Calif., and WILLIAM HINDMAN of Philadelphia, Pa., won the National Mixed Pairs championship at Miami Beach 3 and 2 over Willie Turpin of White Plains, N.Y., and Mrs. John Pilon of Princeton, Ohio.

**HOCKEY**—THE TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS, finally catching up with the long-standing Montreal Canadiens, battled into a three-point tie. To do it, the Maple Leafs twice defeated Montreal (the first game a 2-0 shutout), then lost Chicago, while the Canadiens, after beating the New Rangers, led in Chicago 4-1 and Detroit 7-2 and held out of first place.

The U.S. amateur hockey team had one match, the loss to WEST GERMANY and NORWAY in European tour. The U.S. team will defend its hockey title next month in Switzerland.

**HORSE RACING**—YOLKY 1951, trained as an entry with Calumet's On-And-On, won the \$90,000 McLellan Handicap at Hialeah in a stretch drive, by 2½ lengths over Gustave Ring's Don Pagano. The 4-year-old colt, with Johnny Seay, covered the 1½ miles in 1:41.9.

SESTER ANTOINE (1955-60) came from behind as the first turn to win the \$50,000 Santa Anita Handicap at Santa Anita. He won by 1½ lengths over Howard B. Kock's Papa Pete. Winch Jankie's 4-year-old filly, under 190 pounds, ran 1:52 and one hundred 1:41.9.

VAPOR WHILL (1955-61), a gray-colored foal who only turns it as when he has to, won the \$25,000 Indiana Stakes at Elkhart, by 3½ lengths over Custer. Under 181 pounds, Vapor Whill took the seven furlongs in 1:43.5.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—CHARLES KOLL of Menard, Mo., won the Formula Junior race at Daytona International Speedway, averaging 74.44 mph in his 1200. Runner-up: Harry Carter of Littlefield, Calif., in a Lotus.

**SKIER**—HANS PETER LANG, 25-year-old Colorado Springs amateur from Munich, Germany, won the International slalom derby at Colorado Springs with a combined time of 54.2 seconds (right turn down a 3,000-foot course). Runner-up: Tom Carver of San Francisco, with a total time of 54.8 seconds.

**MIDDLEBURY**, for the third year, was the team champion at the Eastern Winter Carnival at Hanover. Middlebury sophomore Gordon Steen was the downhill and Alpine combined, while teammate John Bower won the cross-country and placed second in the slaying to win the individual Nordic combined title.

**SWIMMING**—NAVY snatched the longest winning streak in sports by beating Yale 46-47 before 2,500 cheering misanthropes at Annapolis. The end of Yale's 101 consecutive swimming victories (the last team to beat them was Army back in 1945) came on the last lap of the final event, the 400-yard freestyle relay, when Andymer Ben Dietz caught and passed Yale's Jim Guilmer. Navy's most important victory, and the one that gave them the guaranteed bid to the 1984 Olympic "for broke," and Navy Coach John Higgins left, was on the final lap, the 400-yard medley relay, in which the Bulldogs edged Yale and took an important 3-4 lead. Yale came back to tie the race at 28-28 after six events, at 35-35 after eight and even took a 40-36 lead with only one event remaining, but then Don Graden won the 200-yard breaststroke to set up Yale's three-event victory in the freestyle relay. "From now on, we're going to be Navy," proclaimed a jubilant Navy Captain Kirk Gilman.

**TENNIS**—In its annual meeting in New Orleans the USTA approved an event plan for 1982 presented to the International Lawn Tennis Federation at Stockholm next July (see page 8). The USTA also voted to support the Davis Cup. George H. Barrett, also called for Davis Cup nations to extend rules to permit a professional tennis team to play the Davis Cup. The USTA also chose David Frost, 21-year-old third level City businessman, to captain the U.S. Davis Cup team again in 1981. "How many events in the human body?" and Frost accepted the job.

**TRACK & FIELD**—In the MILLROSE GAMER at York, Pa., Joe Gergely, 19-year-old senior John Gory, 19-year-old, 1981 U.S. All-American, won the 100-yard dash in 6.2, and Al Lawrence of Houston matched the meet record for two miles in 8:02. John Thomas was the high jumper with a leap of 7 feet. Henry Widwold of University of Florida took Don Baum in the pole vault with 15 feet 4 inches. Ralph Bostus of Tennessee State won the broad jump with a leap of 25 feet 9 inches.

**WILKINSON**—MARRIED NEALE FRASER, 27, world's top amateur team player, to Wendy McLean, 25, in South Carolina, Virginia, Australia. RICKI JAMES CARR, 30, assistant coach at Minnesota, as head coach at George Washington University in Washington, D.C.

ELTON, M.A.S. KERRY, 16, and the late BILLY HAMILTON, to the Baseball Hall of Fame. Carney played for Pittsburgh and Brooklyn from 1910 to 1918, later coached Pittsburgh and managed Brooklyn. He still holds the modern lifetime National League base-stealing record of 241 runs, known as sliding Sam.

Philadelphia from 1893 through 1895. He stole 115 bases in 1894, had a lifetime record of 191 in 1895's day, advanced on an out as he was caught in a double play.

DIED: In Pennsylvania Railroad special from Philadelphia to Denver train that ran on 100 miles when train was derailed at the Annapolis junction between Baltimore and Bowie.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**  
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# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The postseason tournament battle lines were being drawn early. The NCAA, demonstrating unusual perspicacity, reached out to pluck the brightest prize among the nation's independents right from under the sensitive nose of the rival National Invitation Tournament. The earliest NCAA at-large invitation in history was immediately snapped up by enterprising St. Bonaventure, best in the East and perhaps the second-best basketball team in the country. If all goes well, the Bonnies hope to get another crack at still-undefeated Ohio State, so far the only team to beat them. Other early tournament selections: St. John's by the NCAA; Memphis State by the NIT.

## THE EAST

St. Bonaventure's Ed Donovan is firmly convinced that his team can take anyone. And there are few who would dispute him after the Bonnies' hustling, sniping and tireless defense and quick, opportunistic offense smothered Bradley 75-61 before 18,497 in New York's Madison Square Garden. Bradley had the superior rebounders in Chet Walker and Tim Robinson and the Braves even used their once-fearsome zone press in the second half. But it didn't matter. Slick Whitey Martin and Orris Jirle, who operate as audaciously as a pair of pickpockets at a bankers' convention, broke the press with lightninglike passes upcourt. And graceful Tom Stith, playing defense casually but offense conscientiously, did the rest, lofting his soft floaters through the hoops for 21 points.

Army, after beating Colgate 90-67 for its ninth straight and longest streak in 16 years, lost to Boston College 88-82. The top three:

1. ST. BONAVENTURE (26-0)
2. ST. JOHN'S (21-4)
3. ST. JOSEPH'S (12-4)

## THE SOUTH

North Carolina's Frank McGuire knew he had to stop Art Heyman, Duke's brilliant sophomore, to win. So he ordered a nose-to-nose, man-to-man defense and assigned Doug Moe, his staunchest defender, to Heyman. But it didn't quite work. While the Blue Devils contained the Tar Heels' Jay Larewe with a 1-3-1 zone, Heyman eventually forced Moe to foul out and scored 36 points before he was ejected for fighting (with nine seconds

to go), and Duke won 81-77 to take over the ACC lead. North Carolina fell all the way to third place as rugged Len Chappell led Wake Forest past South Carolina 93-73 and Maryland 78-69. But it wasn't all roses for Wake Forest. Earlier, the Demos lost to St. Joseph's 72-70 when the Hawks' Vince Kempton lofted in a short push shot in the final seconds.

Mississippi State, thanks to a 77-61 victory over LSU and an unexpected assist from Kentucky, stood alone at the top of the SEC. Kentucky, reduced to a spoiler's role when Georgia Tech's superb Roger Kaiser dropped in a leaping one-hander to give the Wildcats their fourth defeat 82-60, took out its peevishness on ambitious Florida. The Wildcats flushed the Gators out of their zone defense, and Florida lost its first league game, 89-65.

West Virginia beat Furman 96-87 and VMI 102-91 to boost its Southern Conference lead, then trimmed North Carolina State 86-78. Unpredictable Virginia Tech trounced The Citadel 116-91, but lethargy set in again and the Gobblers lost to Richmond 81-79. Kentucky, startled by Miami 71-69, recovered to beat Tampa 168-74, and Loyola (La.) 75-58. The top three:

1. DUKE (10-1)
2. NORTH CAROLINA (14-0)
3. LOUISVILLE (7-3)

## THE MIDWEST

When the season began, Missouri Valley buffs just about conceded the championship to powerful Bradley. Now they aren't so sure. Suddenly defending champion Cincinnati, even without Oscar Robertson, has become the team to beat. Oscar has been succeeded by Tom Thacker, a brilliant 6-foot-2 sophomore who moves swiftly, shoots skillfully, defends well and is equally at home in front court or backcourt. Last week Thacker scored 22 points, including the winning dunker with eight seconds to go, and Cincinnati upset first-place Bradley 73-72. Four days later burly Bob Wiesenbahn scored 25 points, led the Bearcats past Big Ten contender Iowa 77-60 for their 11th straight.

It was still Ohio State against the field, such as it is, in the Big Ten. The competent Buckeyes hardly worked up a sweat beating Wisconsin 100-68 and Michigan 90-58 to run their winning streak to 21, then sat back to await Mon-

day night's game with challenger Indiana. But the Hoosiers were having troubles. Minnesota's collapsing defense successfully choked off feeds to 6-foot-11 Walt Bellamy, held him to 15 points and the Gophers won 66-58. However, Northwestern was unable to thwart the agile Mr. Bellamy. He broke out with 34 points and Indiana beat the Wildcats 90-78.

Kansas State was back in the Big Eight lead, but only barely ahead of Kansas, which contented itself with a 78-52 victory over independent Air Force. K-State slipped past Iowa State 72-70 on Al Peithman's 25-foot jumper, then needed a sharpshooting barrage by Larry Comley and Cedric Price to break through Oklahoma's sagging defenders 71-63. Toledo trounced Ohio U. 95-68 to trim the Bobcats' Mid-American Conference lead



PRIDE OF THE EAST. St. Bonaventure's hot-shooting Stith starts jumper over the head of Bradley's Lee Edwards.

to a half game. Notre Dame gave St. John's a typically defensive Irish reception at South Bend, engaged the Redmen in a roughhouse that looked more like the Golden Gloves than a basketball game, and beat them 64-63 when Armand Reo tipped in a rebound with 12 seconds to play. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (16-2)
2. CINCINNATI (16-3)
3. BRADLEY (14-5)

## THE SOUTHWEST

The changeable Southwest Conference had a new leader. Newcomer Texas Tech, blooming into a surprising contender on the hook shots of 6-foot-9 Harold Hudgens and the left-handed loopers of 6-foot-

10 Del Ray Mounts, moved precariously into first place after beating TCU 89-75 and Baylor 65-59. But the Red Raiders needed a helping hand, and they got it from Rice. The talent-poor Owls, who usually succumb to their more affluent SWC neighbors, baffled Texas with the fine shooting of Ollie Shipley and Roger McQuerry and knocked the Longhorns out of the lead 69-59. Meanwhile Arkansas and Texas A&M moved up to tie Texas for second place. The Razorbacks beat Baylor 74-58, then used Pat Foster's outside jumpers (for 29 points) and Tommy Boyer's corner set shots (for 21 points) to break the TCU zone and beat the Frogs 88-75; the Aggies got safely past SMU 89-66 when Carroll Broussard eluded the Mustangs' Jan Loudemiluk often enough to score 17 points.

Houston, thriving on its new role as an independent, was still winning. The Cougars whipped U. of Pacific 101-66 and Tulsa 83-73. Oklahoma City beat North Texas State easily enough, 88-64, but St. Louis slowed down the Chiefs to a mere trot, held them to 48 shots and won 77-47. The top three:

1. HOUSTON (13-0)
2. TEXAS TECH (90-6)
3. TEXAS (10-6)

#### THE WEST

The Big Five was no nearer decision, even after USC and UCLA mauled each other in a pair of games at Los Angeles. USC won the first 78-68; UCLA took the second 86-83 (see page 20).

The battle was just as grim in the defense-happy West Coast A.C. Loyola beat San Francisco 64-57 and San Jose State 54-45, half-hawked Santa Clara to near distraction while Eddie Bente and Tom Ryan hogged the boards, and the Lions won 68-58. But challenging St. Mary's, which won three in a row over Humboldt State 57-56, Pepperdine 74-58 and San Diego State 81-68, may yet give Loyola a run for the title. Up north, Oregon was optimistically contemplating an NCAA at-large bid after putting down Oregon State twice, 58-55 on sub Leon Haynes' three foul shots in overtime, and 71-53 as Charlie Warren scored 27 points.

"If we can get a two-point lead with 18 minutes to play," plotted Colorado State U. Coach Jim Williams, "Utah may never see the ball again." As things turned out, the Rams were 11 points behind with 18 minutes to go and they didn't have the ball often enough to hide it. Utah paid attention to defense, Billy McGill and Jim Rhead each flipped in 29 points, and the Redskins won 68-58 to regain the Sky-line lead. Then the Utes coasted past Wyoming 83-71 while Montana further defeated the Rams 67-60. The top three:

1. USG (10-0)
2. UCLA (10-4)
3. UTAH (10-5)



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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS

### THE SHAMATEURS

Sirs:

I've been a competitor in track and field for over 20 years, and I can say emphatically that Mike Agostini's article (*My Take-Home Pay as an Amateur Sprinter*, Jan. 30) is grossly untrue and completely misleading. I believe a very select few are receiving some compensation, but not the numbers indicated by this article.

We certainly should not give a black eye to all pure competitors when only two or three out of a hundred or so are "shamming."

Altadena, Calif.

FORTUNE GORDEN

Sirs:

My congratulations on a very true article.

Anderson S.C.

JIMMY ROGERS

Sirs:

Is Mike Agostini for or against shamateurism? As far as I can see, he is complaining about the very payoffs that made him a track tramp and yet proposing a panacea that would remove the last barriers protecting amateurs from the practices he criticizes.

Why not let those who are interested only in monetary gain form their own professional tournament circuit?

Seattle

E. A. HUNT

Sirs:

Your description of Mike Agostini's article as "bitter" is funny. The only emotion that I could detect in the article was a reluctance to leave such a pleasant and profitable way of life.

Savannah

PAUL A. KOLACZ

Sirs:

Hurray for Mike!

Speedway, Ind.

DON JORDAN

Sirs:

Cross-country and marathon runners have never been guilty of the sins that Mr. Agostini asserts, although I see that it is entirely possible that what he says is true for the track men. To my knowledge, representatives of our club have never been given expenses to any race, even national championships (except one case of gas money). As a matter of fact, I don't believe that we have recently even been offered an invitation to compete.

Boston

ED DUNCAN

Sirs:

The obvious solution lies in what you have already advocated for tennis—namely, the open event where the pro and amateurs compete together.

ROBERT M. DARLING  
Great Falls, Mont.

### SHAKE-BAKE

Sirs:

As a transplanted, dinkie-dye Aussie, what more can I say, mate, than honest? That recipe of Bill Harney's, "How to Bake a Snake" (*SCORECARD*, Jan. 30), was fair dinkum, cobber, so do come to my next barbecue when the menu will feature fat juicy witchetty grubs followed by kangaroo tail soup, baked snake à la Harney, damper, billy tea and, for dessert, fresh-cought honey ants.

Bring your own Bromo-Seltzer!

Allegan, Mich.

BETTY GARRETT

### APARTHEID

Sirs:

I would like to inform you that the South African Amateur Athletic Union, which is trying with private funds to arrange a tour by American track stars, neither legislates nor administers the laws of the Union of South Africa. It merely obeys them (*SCORECARD*, Jan. 30).

There is little doubt that the large majority of South African track fans, Caucasian, Negroid and otherwise, would

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## TAKE OVER

enjoy seeing the great Negro athletes of your country perform. However, as you probably well know, any tour of the Union by foreign Negro athletes would be a fiasco at this stage in the political and cultural development of South Africa. The athletes would have difficulty finding adequate accommodations, and I would hazard a guess that there are very few of them who would care to visit South Africa at the present time. And I don't blame them.

Many South Africans pray for the day when your Negro track stars may run in their country. That this day will come, and come peacefully, I have no doubts.

STEPHEN MCROLDAND

New York City



TYLERS: DAVE JR. IN 1939 AND DAVE III

### CHAMPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Sir:

Teen-age athletes get better and better every year. The proof's right there, hidden in your FOR THE RECORD (Jan. 30) notation of Williston Academy's Dave Tyler, who just broke national prep school swimming records in the 50- and 100-yard freestyle events. Unless I am mistaken, his father, David A. Tyler Jr., held these same records when he was at Mercersburg Academy 22 years ago.

I also note that Dale Kiefer, of New Trier High School, set a record in the individual medley. This just has to be the son of Chicagoan Adolph Kiefer, for many years a record holder in backstroke and individual medley events, too (PAT ON THE BACK, Aug. 23).

JOHN R. PRESTON

Cincinnati



KIEFERS: ADOLPH IN 1949 AND SON DALE

continued

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#### 15th HOLE continued

#### TRAFFIC JAM SESSION

Sirs:

You're in the right lane with the car under perfect control in your Safe Driving series (It's Meant to Be Fun, Jan. 30). It's about time someone took a positive approach and got off this "the life you save may be your own" kick.

It would also be nice if someone could convince the public that the fellow who has driven 40 years without an accident is not necessarily the safest driver.

BILL BENNETT

Muskegon, Mich.

Sirs:

We of the National Ski Patrol System are becoming especially alarmed about the amazing increase in the number of nonsnow-area residents who go motorizing into snow country with no knowledge or experience in driving safely under winter conditions.

CAROLYN M. WILLIAMS  
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sirs:

Rodger Ward stresses the same silly theme: keeping one car length behind the car ahead for every 10 mph of speed. But just try keeping six and half lengths back on a California freeway where the speed limit is 65. In two seconds there will be seven cars filling in the space in front of the careful driver.

DOBOOTHY BURKHART  
Chula Vista, Calif.

Sirs:

Many hundreds of thousands will read and agree, but how many will actually go out and have seat belts installed in their cars?

NORMAN GORE  
New York City

Sirs:

There is one more safety device that could be added: a rear-window defroster and wiper blades. I would rather have clear rear windows in my car than backup lights or safety belts.

JAMES J. JACKSON  
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sirs:

Where is the plea for better and more consistent law enforcement? The statistics are dramatic—Connecticut has reduced accidents by a large proportion by intensifying traffic violation arrests and convictions. The experience in New Jersey has been similar. But in Pennsylvania, where my experience has indicated that enforcement is less conscientious, the death and injury rate is noticeably higher.

JAMES A. RUBIN  
Moorestown, N.J.

#### EYE-EYE BARY

Sirs:

After a reasonably quiet, enjoyable game of bridge, the following hand was dealt. It lasted about one hour of heated discussion.



*Being measured for a gun in Puley's famous Long Room—photo by Mark Shaw*

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*Arthur Godfrey*

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## Hands Behind His Back

**Bob Cousy first tried the play that was to become his trademark in a college game 12 years ago**

by **DAVE ANDERSON**

On January 11, 1949 near-freezing temperatures chilled the snow-patched campus of Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass. High on the hill behind the red-brick dormitories, three black limousines were parked near the sprawling white Quonset-hut-type field house. Inside, the varsity basketball team was gathered in the athletic office for the 40-mile trip to Boston and a game that night against Loyola of Chicago. "Everybody's here," Coach Lester (Buster) Sheary said. "Let's get going."

Bob Cousy tossed his equipment bag into the trunk of the first limousine. He walked over and opened a rear door with his right hand. "Use your left hand, Coos," said Sheary. "You've got to remember that."

Weeks earlier, the bull-chested, booming-voiced Sheary had told Cousy, "You need a better left hand. They're overplaying your right side. Everybody knows you're going to shoot with the right hand. Do me a favor, please. Open doors with your left hand. Shake hands with your left hand. Carry your books with your left hand. And if you can, come up to the gym early and work on your left hand. You need a better left hand."

Cousy had taken his coach at his word. Varsity practice at Holy Cross began at 6:20 p.m., with the team eating *à la carte* at 5. After Sheary's request, however, Cousy arranged to be fed an hour earlier, sitting alone at one of the shiny oaken tables in Kimball Hall. At 5:30, when the regular students had emptied out of the field house, Cousy had arrived for his private practice. He concentrated on left-handed moves—dribbling and firing left-handed hook shots.

Now, as their chauffeur-driven lim-

ousine sped toward Boston, two of the Holy Cross players—Joe Mullaney and Dermie O'Connell—sang *On a Slow Boat to China*. George Kaftan, Frank Ofring and Bob McMullan hummed along with them, but the quiet, intense Cousy, as was his custom, silently stared out the window. "Give us a tune, Coos," Mullaney said. "What for?" Cousy answered pleasantly. "Like they say, it's a game of think."

From the start of the game at Boston Garden, it appeared that Holy Cross would beat Loyola easily. Kaftan and Charlie Bollinger consistently outjumped Loyola's six-foot-six-inch center, Jack Kerns, and Cousy tossed in 13 points, most of them on right-handed pushshots. By half time Holy Cross led 35-28. At the start of the second half the Crusaders quickly extended that lead to 40-28. But then Loyola began to whittle it down, and with less than six minutes to play,

husky Jim Niehoff tapped in a rebound to give Loyola a 52-51 lead.

Using their deliberate offense, Holy Cross wove the ball to spring loose McMullan and Kaftan for a 55-52 lead. Loyola came right back to go ahead, 57-55. Kaftan curled in a lay-up to tie the score. Loyola brought the ball across mid-court, but an erratic pass went out of bounds. It was Holy Cross's ball. "Time out," yelled Ofring. The clock showed there was one minute and 27 seconds to play. The score was 57-57 as the players walked slowly to their benches.

"Take your time," Sheary ordered in the Holy Cross huddle. "Work the ball in an outside weave. I want the man furthest from the ball to watch the clock. When it hits a minute the furthest man calls the seconds: 59 . . . 58 . . . 57. We're going for one shot, so don't make a move until it hits 10 seconds. Then I want Coos set up on a scissors play off the high

*eachwood*



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BULL-CHESTED COACH BUSTER SHEREY BEARS AT COUSY AFTER SMOOTH WORKOUT

**HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK** continued

post. The one we've practiced. You'll be O.K. Just take your time."

The whistle blew. Oftring tossed the ball in bounds to Cousy. Closely covered by Gerry Nagel, the quick-moving Loyola guard, Cousy dribbled across mid-court and the Crusaders went into their outside weave as the seconds ticked off . . . 50 . . . 40 . . . 30 . . . 20. With 15 seconds to go, Cousy got the ball at mid-court. He stopped. *Fourteen*. "Not yet," Sherey yelled from the bench, but his order was muffled by the roar of the 10,787 fans. *Thirteen*. Cousy looked for Kaftan near the foul line. Kaftan was tightly covered. *Twelve*. Cousy dribbled toward the foul line. *Eleven*. Jammed in by Nagel on his right side, Cousy stopped short. He twisted the ball behind his back, bounced it into his left hand, cut suddenly to his left. *Ten*. Another one-bounce dribble. *Nine*. Cousy flipped a left-handed hook shot off his left ear from 20 feet out. It banked off the glass backboard through the net.

The crowd, stunned by this behind-the-back dribble and the ensuing hook shot, gasped, then cheered wildly. In the waning seconds, Loyola added a foul shot, but Cousy's play had won the game, 59-58.

In the dressing room Cousy told the newspapermen, "When I saw Nagel all over me on the right side it was the only thing I could do. I didn't think about doing it. I just did it."

"You mean you never practiced it?" he was asked.

"No," Cousy answered calmly. "I've practiced the hook shot many times, of course, but not the behind-the-back dribble."

Some of the other Holy Cross players, however, claimed that Cousy had practiced the behind-the-back dribble, but Oftring said, "He's done something like it in practice—I've seen him dribble in and spin with the ball—but I never saw him make this precise play in practice." In the midst of it all, Sherey smiled and shook his head. "When I saw him shooting with his left hand," the coach said, "I leaped off the bench. I was on my way out to strangle him. But when it went in I skidded to a stop. He looked right at me and seemed to say: 'How's my left hand now?'"

In the Loyola dressing room, Nagel shrugged. "I had him covered," the Ramblers' defensive star said, "and then he sort of disappeared. The guy is a magician."

Since that game, Cousy has confirmed his magical talents with a basketball. During his long professional career with the Boston Celtics, he popularized the behind-the-back dribble to the extent that it is now his trademark. "Every time I pass a playground," he said recently, "I see some kid trying it. I get a kick out of it but not every kid has the physical assets for it. You need long arms and perfect timing. And even so, I don't use it more than maybe six times all season. The only time you should use it is when you need it to get a step on the man covering you. Like in that Loyola game."

END

SOUTH									
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
A	Q	J	10	4	A	Q	10	8	7
NORTH									
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
K	7	J	6	K	Q	2	K	Q	10

Here's what happened: West dealt. There were three paves and South opened two hearts. West went by. North responded with four clubs, East passed, South bid five spades, North passed. South, who is married to North and was in the later stages of pregnancy, decided this was as good a time as any to have the baby and departed hastily.

The contract was passed out at five spades, but it could have been played (sparing baby) to make either seven spades or seven hearts. What does Mr. Goren think? If it's a boy we will name him Charles.

Mrs. ARTHUR W. WALKER  
Forest Hills, N.Y.

● At the risk of having the baby named Ely, Card Editor Goren is critical of Papa North's jump bid in response to an opening two-bid. "A jump bid," says Goren, "usually shows a long solid suit with little or no outside high-card strength. North should have bid three clubs. South, in turn, should have cautioned against a miscarriage—pardon, a misfit—and bid only four hearts or four spades. But once South had leaped to five spades, a further bid by North was in the cards; six hearts would have been a conservative selection. Since the grand slam would depend upon picking up the king of hearts, it should not be bid."—ED.

#### INSPIRATION

Sirs,  
Re your fine article entitled *The Oldest Freshman* (Jan. 23). Our country needs more men like Fred Norris; he is truly an inspiration to all Americans, young and old alike.

ALFRED L. HUFFMAN  
Glendale, Calif.

#### INSIGHT

Sirs:  
Your story by James Murray on the Los Angeles Lakers (*A Trip for Two Tall Men*, Jan. 30) was the best basketball story I have ever read. It really provides insight into basketball life.

JIM FORSLUND  
Warren, Pa.

Sirs:  
I was not only shocked, but also thoroughly disgusted. Through the whole article there were nothing but slams against the Lakers. I couldn't even find anything that would even remotely resemble a good remark.

Next time I get the bright idea to buy a copy of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* I hope someone throws a brick at me.

MARY LEE SHERMAN  
Minneapolis



Are we being  
too serious  
about something  
this casual?

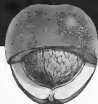
This sportscoat, attractive though it is, won't solve any of the world's problems other than what to wear with a pair of slacks. In view of that, is it really worthwhile for us to put quite so much time and effort into the making of it? To judge from the sportscoats other people make, it's clear that they don't think so. And it may be they are right.

Perhaps it is a mistake to put the same kind of tailoring into sportscoats as into our 'BOTANY' 500 suits. But it is our fond hope that having once discovered the virtues of a 'BOTANY' 500 sportscoat, you will insist on a suit with the same label. And that will make all our seriousness worthwhile.

If you yourself take a serious approach to casual clothing, you'll find this sportscoat (plus an equally well-tailored collection of slacks) at your nearby 'BOTANY' 500 dealer. Sportscoats are priced from \$37.50, slacks from \$15.95 (both slightly higher in the West). For name of store nearest you, write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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... the life savingest automobile tire yet. Because, like the proverbial tough-to-crack Hickory Nut, the Vogue Twin-Air Safety Chamber Tyre carries its own built-in spare safety chamber... a steel safety chamber with an Independent Air Cushion That Cannot Blow Out... a blowout and puncture safety tire that gives you and your family the life savingest tire yet. So if you, too, are a nut for safety, why not see your Vogue Tyre Dealer today. He's ready and waiting to demonstrate for you how Safety Is Always in Vogue. And how easy it is for you to ride on the life-savingest tire yet.



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dealer  
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TYRES**

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**PAT ON THE BACK**



**BILL SEALS**

*Like a bullet*

This sharp-taloned, hook-beaked bird is a red-tailed hawk, and Bill Seals, a 210-pound ex-basketball player of Knoxville, Tenn., uses it to hunt rabbits. Bill is no medievalist, but he is fast developing a passion for the medieval sport of hawking. "An apprentice falconer," he says, "always starts with a short-winged hawk like this."

Seals caught his hawk in an all but invisible net baited with a juicy pigeon. At first it hissed at its new master and sulked at its hood, but

Seals fed it beefsteak and carried it around on his gloved hand until it got used to his touch. After weeks of training, he tied a line to the hawk's leg and began to teach it to hunt. "A hawk hits its prey on the head with its talons," Seals says. "It's a quick kill, almost like a bullet."

Later this year, Seals hopes to catch and train a long-winged falcon—one of the big-caliber armaments of falconry. He has no doubts about how to do it. Nothing has changed in falconry for the last 4,000 years.



(continued from front flap of this insert)

It is most readable, extremely challenging, and highly optimistic. I would like to quote just one short paragraph: "At the end of 1960, we had a \$40 billion backlog of consumer needs and latent demand, which, if activated into insistent sales demand, could create a 10% increase in sales in 1961-62....The present high level of consumer discretionary spending power points to the opportunity for efficient increased marketing effort to pay off in profits, as well as to aid our whole economy."

Needless to say, I could not help seeing **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and its market in almost every line of the Arno Johnson study. I feel that our editors by their choice of subject for this magazine, and their treatment of that subject, have attracted a market of nearly 1,000,000 U.S. families who are in the very vanguard of that expansion which Arno Johnson foresees.

Our subscriber statistics have shown time and again—and I'll spare you a formal repetition of them this time—that among upper-income groups; among upper-educated groups; home-oriented families; younger adults; larger families; suburban-based households; increasingly executive and professional occupations, the appeal of sport today, at the outset of a new and vigorous national administration, has produced a market unparalleled in the entire range and scale of magazine audiences.

It would probably be imprudent to follow Mr. Johnson's observations directly with anyone else's, so I'll throw one of my own into the breach.

It has frequently struck me that there are three broad, general areas in which a man buys (and hence in which he can be sold):

- 1) in connection with **what is currently going on about him**—news, styles, fads, fashions
- 2) in connection with **his basic needs**—regardless of what happens to be going on
- 3) in connection with **what he himself wants**—to fulfill his personality: spare time interests, recreation, hobbies, leisure

I would suggest that most of the buying (and most of the selling) takes place in area 3. For here a man, or a woman, or a family, is not acting just as one of a crowd, as in area 1—or as a mere organism, as in 2. Area 3 is the area where you make up your own mind and act for yourself, according to your own stirrings and desires. It is the vast area that marketers call discretionary spending—one which Arno Johnson predicted would reach a total of \$225 billion during 1961-62.

And it is the area of active spending covered principally by people such as those reading this very magazine—who simply have more

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

money to spend, higher standards of living, far greater mobility and activity than do average families. For it stands to reason—they wouldn't be reading **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** unless by nature and instinct they were active people.

A friend sent me a copy of a letter in *Sales Management* from Jack Carver, Associate Media Director of Lennen & Newell. In it, Mr. Carver asked for two days, instead of one, to contemplate the Sunday paper. (Of the Sunday New York *Times*, I have heard it said in some quarters that nowadays a kid is old enough to read it before he is strong enough to lift it).

He wrote: "The oversized Sunday newspaper is based on pre-World War habits such as the six-day or five-and-a-half day week and the fact that Sunday was really a day of rest back then. Most city dwellers did not have their own homes to be busy about or cars to go visiting in. The family did stay home on Sunday, and could read the paper with no TV to interrupt. A big Sunday dinner was the main event.

"Today's weekend-free families are never still. They work around the house or drive all over the place. Between sports and relatives, Sunday now is not a day of rest, it's one of active leisure."

A sage observation, and one confirmed recently by our circulation manager, Bob Cowin. He informed me the other day that the December 26th issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**—the magazine for families who lead America in leading this life of active leisure—was the first ever to pass 1,000,000 copies sold; and that the public in 1960 paid our circulation department \$5,250,000 to bring **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** into their busy homes and lives.

I did it again, just like last year. Took two weeks off in the Virgin Islands. While lazing on the sands the first week, I received a cable from our Advertising Manager, Steve Kelly, saying that we had just had the biggest single advertising sales week in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s history. And then the next Thursday, while taking my ease on the patio of the Buccaneer, I got a second cable from Steve saying we had followed it up with the third biggest week in our history.

I'm the indispensable man, all right.

*Pete Collaway*  
Advertising Director



**STINGER**—1 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker's White Creme de Menthe, 1 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.

**MINT FRAPE**—Puck shaved ice in cocktail glass. Pour enough Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe over ice to fill glass, serve with two small colored straws.

**BLACKBERRY SOUR**—1 oz. Hiram Walker's Blackberry Flavored Brandy, Juice of 1/2 lemon. Shake in shaved ice, strain into your glass, add soda, slice of orange and cherry.

**GRASSHOPPER**—1 oz. Hiram Walker's White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe, 1 oz. fresh cream. Shake with ice, strain into chilled cocktail glass.

## Dining out or at home...the finishing touch that adds so much is Hiram Walker's Cordials

Next time the drinks are on the house—your house, that is—surprise your guests with their favorite Cordial drinks. They're so easy to mix, even a "beginner" bartender feels like a professional. You need only a few bottles of Hiram Walker's Cordials to make the inviting before-and-after-dinner drinks shown here. And these famous Cordials are delightfully inexpensive whether you buy the standard sizes or the smaller flask-shaped bottles.

*For more exciting drink recipes and new ideas on cooking with Cordials, send 16 cents for our "Excellent Cordial Cocktails and Culinary Guidelines" to Hiram Walker, Incorporated, Dept. 4, Box 2886, Detroit 11, Michigan. Offer does not apply where prohibited by state law.*

### HIRAM WALKER'S CORDIALS

A Rainbow of Distinctive Flavors



Green and White, Spiced de Menthe, Lemon Vell White Creme de Cacao, Orange Cuckoo, Raspberry, Strawberry, Sloe Gin, Anisette, Apricot, Lemon, 60 proof, Blackberry Flavored Brandy, Rock and Fizz, 70 proof, Hiram Walker's Brandy, 84 proof, Triple Sec, Kummel, 80 proof, Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.



*Quality at your feet*



**Smash**—Chalk up a clean style sweep with this pointed-toe half-moc slip-on. In Black, as shown. Also Cheroot or Bronze smooth, both with spray antique finish. Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

**9<sup>99</sup>** Other styles 9.99 to 11.99. Pedwin Jrs. for boys 8.99 and 9.99. All higher Denver West and Canada.

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*young ideas in shoes*

To bring you shoes that represent America's biggest dollar's worth today, we use leather as well as a wide variety of materials including fiber and plastic products, textiles and metals—all of which have been thoroughly tested at Brown Shoe Company's Quality Control laboratories.